

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 8.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1903.

NO. 34.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
6:02 A. M. Daily.	
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
9:39 P. M. Daily.	
12:38 P. M. Daily.	
4:53 P. M. Daily.	
5:54 P. M. Daily.	
6:56 P. M. Daily.	
9:11 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
7:33 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	
12:10 P. M. Daily.	
2:33 P. M. Daily.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	
8:31 P. M. Daily.	

## S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The headway of the San Mateo cars between the Cemeteries and Thirtieth St. and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the headway is arranged to suit the travel.

## POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sunday, 8:30 to 10:30 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

## MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North.	A. M.	P. M.
San Francisco.	6:45	12:10
San Jose.	7:33	12:38

## MAIL CLOSURES.

North.	A. M.	P. M.
San Francisco.	9:10	12:10
San Jose.	9:10	12:38

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

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Congregational Sunday School every Sunday 3 p. m. at Butchers' Hall. Old and young are alike cordially invited and will be made welcome.

## MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

## DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck.	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. F. Chamberlain.	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger.	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock.	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
G. D. Hayward.	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	
H. W. Schaefer.	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	
John F. Johnston.	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield.	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker.	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton.	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
W. B. Gilbert.	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert.	Redwood City

## HOUSED TO DEATH BY ENEMIES

Crazed by Persecution a Chinese Woman Takes Her Life.

Nevada City.—Insane from grief and worry caused by the persecution of relentless enemies, Mrs. A. H. Mow, a Chinese woman and the wife of Dr. Ah Mow, one of the oldest residents of Nevada County, committed suicide by taking a large dose of raw opium. Some time ago a fire destroyed nearly all the property of Dr. Mow. At the time it was thought that the fire was the work of enemies of the family. Later this theory was substantiated by the fact that a number of hogs belonging to the Chinese couple were poisoned.

These and other incidents caused Mrs. Mow to become crazy. The deceased woman searched the house until she found a vial of opium, and swallowed the deadly poison.

The Ah Mow family have resided in Nevada county many years, and at one time were quite wealthy. Of late years some mysterious vendetta has been pursuing them, misfortune following misfortune. The persecution comes from unknown Chinese sources.

## Bodies of Flood Victims.

Butte, Mont.—The bodies of Frank Okerman and Hans Omsted, who were drowned in the Missouri river at Great Falls recently, were found at Fort Benton. The bodies traveled the distance in less than five days. They went over six falls and through many miles of rapids.

## CONDENSED NEWS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

Interesting Occurrences Specially Selected and Boiled Down Into Short Items.

## HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST WEEK

Current Events Related In Dispatches From Many Correspondents In Various Parts of the West.

Great Northern Express No. 153, bound from Havre to Butte, ploughed into a landslide near Fort Benton. Engineer McClintock, Conductor Bingham and a fireman, name unknown, jumped and were badly hurt.

A private telegram received at Phoenix, A. T., from Graham county says it is believed that twenty-five people were lost in the flood following a cloudburst above Clifton, and that fourteen bodies have been recovered.

Moore's Flat, located in Nevada county, is without a postmaster and all efforts to obtain one have been unavailing. Unless the position is filled this month the office will be abolished and the people of that town will be compelled to go to North Bloomfield for their mail. For some unexplained reason no one will accept the office.

Albert Croone, aged 19 years, a grocery clerk employed by L. M. Walter at California and Devisadero streets, San Francisco, committed suicide during a moment of mental aberration at the home of his uncle, Dr. Charles W. Decker, at Palo Alto. He went to Palo Alto on a vacation to remain several days, being despondent owing to ill health.

D. T. Badger, a gardener of Pasadena, about 50 years of age, was instantly killed by an East Colorado street car of the Pacific Electric Railway. Badger was riding a wheel and on coming on to the main street from Madison avenue, became confused in attempting to clear a sewer excavation and was struck by the rapidly moving car. His body was horribly mangled.

The citizens of Bremerton, Wash., have taken the final step towards a compliance with the demands of the Navy Department. In the presence of practically the whole adult population of the Navy Yard town, the City Council passed an ordinance summarily revoking the license of every saloon in the place, and making it a misdemeanor to sell intoxicating liquors. Under the ordinance every saloon in Bremerton will have ceased business in a few days.

George E. Pulham, superintendent of the Yukon mail route for White Pass road, who has just arrived from Dawson, says that the ice in Lake Labarge had not moved out when he left White Horse, and it was not expected that freight or passengers could go down the Yukon until this week. A thousand tons of freight, 800 tons of which is perishable, are tied up at the head of Lake Labarge awaiting a movement of the ice. The loss on congested perishables will, therefore, be heavy.

Next week there will be thrown open for entry 1,000,000 acres of land lying in the Mojave desert, between the Needles and Mojave. It is in alternate sections along the line of the Santa Fe Pacific, or what was formerly known as the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. The land, for the most part, is unfit for cultivation, owing to the lack of water. Up to date 5658 inquiries have been received at the local Government Land Office. Letters have come from every state in the Union and from Canada, England, Australia and many European states. None of the inquirers received encouragement from the Land Office, as the value of the land is questionable.

The dead body of Mrs. Cutting Clark was found hanging by a piece of rope from the rafters in the barn at the rear of the woman's home, 2515 Michigan avenue, Los Angeles, by neighbors, who had called to make an afternoon call on Mrs. Clark. Unable to gain any response they went to the barn and there made the gruesome discovery. Although Mrs. Clark, with suicidal intent, had mounted a step-ladder, adjusted the noose and stepped off, so tranquilly did she pass from life that her spec-

tacles were not even disturbed. She was 53 years old. Life had become burdensome to her, as the mortgage against her little home had grown in her estimation to large proportions. Her husband's death, two months ago, also affected her deeply.

While excavating for the bed of a cement conduit along a hillside near the head of the Los Angeles city water works ditch, about six miles up San Fernando road, a gang of workmen made a gruesome discovery. Near the northwest corner of Griffith Park, just beneath the surface of the hillside, one of the picks pierced a human skull. When the earth was cleared away the sight sent shivers down the men's spines. A skeleton was standing on its head with the long bones of the legs pressed against the ribs. A grinning skull looked from under the knees, and the back of the skull was pressed hard against a granite boulder. There was every evidence of hasty and irregular burial. There was not a shred of clothing on the bones. The skeleton was that of a woman. The skeleton had probably not lain there over two or three years. The spot is away from human habitation.

Frederick Kluster, a prominent business man of San Bernardino, died after suffering intensely for several days from burns sustained by falling into a grass fire at his home. It appears that he had started a fire in the road to burn some fox grass and the flames got beyond his control. He had nothing to fight them with but a hoe, and this he wielded vigorously for nearly an hour. Becoming exhausted from over-exertion, he fell face downward in the flames. When found he was unconscious. The flames had eaten into his face and arms, burned away his clothing and destroyed the sight of one eye. Ten hours later he had partially recovered, and told the circumstances of his desperate effort to stay the flames. He then lapsed into unconsciousness and until death came raged in his delirium, imagining that he was still beating at a long line of fire sweeping upon his home.

## Alexander's Massive Skull.

Belgrade.—The autopsy on King Alexander's body showed that he had a skull of the extraordinary thickness of eleven millimeters, whereas the skulls of the strongest men usually measure only six millimeters. The brain was found to be in a catarrhal state and the liver unusually large and surrounded by fat, indicating that the King was an excessive eater and drinker.

## Wronged Woman Ends Her Life.

Oregon City, Or.—Mrs. Tillie Will committed suicide at Canby by taking carbolic acid. On April 28th last she was the victim of an assault at the hands of an unknown tramp, who entered her father's house while she was alone. The tramp was never found and the woman brooded over the affair until it finally drove her to take her own life. She was 32 years of age.

## Sleeping Man Run Over by Train.

Tulare.—The mangled remains of an unknown man were found on the Santa Fe track near Angiola. The deceased is supposed to be one of the firemen employed on the pipe line. When last seen he was intoxicated and in possession of two bottles of whisky. It is thought that he fell asleep on the track and did not hear the approach of the train which ended his life.

## New Forest Reserve.

Great Falls, Mont.—The Government has created another forest reserve district in Montana. Word was received of the fact by Receiver Burlingame of the local land office. The new district comprises the high wood mountains, largely in Chouteau county, partly in Cascade and partly in Fergus. The district is twenty-five miles east of Great Falls and comprises 207,360 acres.

## Killed in Explosion.

Bakersfield.—Fireman Laidley of Los Angeles was instantly killed and Engineer D. I. Daze of the same place was badly scalded by the explosion of the boilers of Engine 2626, pulling freight No. 254, eastbound. The body of the dead fireman was removed to Kern, where an inquest was held. Daze was taken to a hospital at Los Angeles for treatment.

## All Saved But Captain's Wife.

Portland, Or.—The captain and crew of the schooner Washington B. Thomas, wrecked off Old Orchard, were all saved. Captain Lemonds' wife was accidentally killed in the cabin, and one or more of the crew suffered broken legs or other injuries.

## POWERFUL FORCE MAY BE UTILIZED

Experiments Show That American Water Is Charged With New Element.

## ENGLAND'S PHYSICIST IS SURPASSED

Yale Scientists Have Discovered, Apparently, Presence of Radio-Activity in Surface of Lake.

New Haven, Conn.—The Yale scientists who have been pursuing investigations into the subject of radio activity announce the discovery of the first signs of it in the United States. Dr. H. A. Bumstead and Dr. Lynde Wheeler of the Sheffield Scientific Institute have had the experiments in charge. Dr. Wheeler says:

"We have been following the lines suggested by Professor J. J. Thomson of England and have found what appears like one discovery not even made by the great Cambridge scientist in his own laboratory. We are confident we have shown that the presence of radio activity can be demonstrated in surface water at least in some parts of America."

Professor Delmas tried repeatedly to secure similar results from the water of England and in different parts of Ireland without success. He found it in water taken from unusually deep wells and through chalk. When he came to Yale to deliver the Silliman lectures recently he was enthusiastic over his experiments, which indicate a force so powerful that, as Professor Thomson expressed it, the coal mines of the world may not be needed for either heat or energy if the new element, radium, can be utilized, as seems a possibility if the theories now being developed are perfected.

Professor Thomson went to New Milford, Conn., with the Yale scientists, and from water taken from a well 1500 feet in depth radio activity was found. This was the first experiment in America so far as known showing its presence in water.

In explaining the discovery Dr. Wheeler says: "In finding radio activity, the water was first boiled, the steam that came off was condensed and the gas collected in a holder, and by means of an electroscope radio activity was discovered."

In a larger sense, radio activity is the radiating force that is thrown off from any generating source. In the case of radium, that substance which has but recently been discovered, science is absolutely unable to account for the radio activity which hurls off little corpuscles of organic substance with a speed of 120,000 miles a second, traveling nearly one-half as fast as light, and going on and on in this manner without the least change in its molecular construction or the least loss chemically.

The thought suggested immediately by these developments is the practical value of radio activity. It is stated that it is already certain that radio activity will take the place of X-rays in photography. A force that never wastes and always produces in effect perpetual motion, and steam and electricity both will be distanced if the new force can be put to the practical uses of the commercial world, which none doubt will eventually be accomplished who have witnessed the experiments already conducted and observed the potent power of the substance.

## Six Million Shingles Burned.

Whitcomb, Wash.—The dry kilns of the Monarch Shingle Company at Elaine were destroyed by fire. Six million shingles were burned, entailing a loss of between \$20,000 and \$25,000. The insurance is about half the loss. The city is in darkness by reason of the burning of the electric feed wires, which pass near the mill. Two loaded cars of lumber were also destroyed.

## Millionaire Declared Insane.

Fowler, Ind.—The jury hearing the Fowler case has returned a verdict that Moses Fowler Chase was a person of unsound mind and a resident of Tippecanoe, Lafayette county, Ind. The Court announced that a guardian for the young millionaire would be appointed later. The verdict is a victory for Frederick Chase, the father.

## WANTED ON A MURDER CHARGE.

A Pickpocket Taken in the South Is Notorious Character.

San Bernardino.—When John Webb was arrested here during President Roosevelt's visit for picking pockets, the police did not realize the importance of their capture nor that his evident anxiety for freedom was based on anything more than a natural desire to escape trial and certain conviction for his offense, but Sheriff Ralphs received word from the Chief of Police of Napoleon, Ohio, stating that Webb is wanted there for the murder of the Sheriff of Henry county on August 10, 1902. He was known as W. A. Thompson, alias Jackson, alias Hay.

He and his brother had been arrested for counterfeiting and breaking jail, and had a pistol fight with the Sheriff, shooting him dead and escaping. The picture of the murderer is identified here as that of Webb. Pickpocket DAVIS of Los Angeles deposited the thousand dollars in gold for his appearance after his arrest here and Webb defaulted. The Ohio officers offer \$500 for his capture, and this county \$100. Boston wants him for picking pockets and numerous other cities offer rewards for him.

## Death Penalty for Murderers.

Prescott, A. T.—The courtroom was packed with interested spectators in the trial of the two Mexicans, Francisco Rentia and Eligio Hidalgo, charged with the killing of Charles Goddard and Frank Cox at Goddard station last February. Interest was unusually great on account of the high standing of the murdered men in the community in which they lived. The cold-blooded manner in which the crime was committed also aroused much sympathy. The case was given to the jury and the verdict was rendered in forty minutes of "guilty of murder in the first degree." The jury named death as the penalty.

## RUTHLESS SLAUGHTER OF FISHES.

Catalina Islanders Protest Against the Waste of Yellow Tail.

Los Angeles.—An Avalon special says the slaughter of yellow tail during the past week has been on a scale unprecedented in the history of this famed fishing region. The deeds of ruthless "game hogs" of a few years ago, who slayed enormous quantities of wild ducks and other fowl until stopped by law, have lately been eclipsed by "fish hogs."

Many staunch friends of Catalina have started the cry for a halt, lest the tribes of gamy yellow tail be made so scarce as to permanently injure the resort. For several days there has been nearly a ton of yellow tail brought from the deep daily and hung on racks only to later be taken out and dumped as refuse into the channel outside the bay.

Just two anglers the other day brought in forty yellow tail, which represented at least 800 pounds of good edible food, which was killed to go to waste.

## High Prices for Coach Horses.

New York.—Probably the highest prices ever paid in this country for coach horses at auction have been realized at the sale here of thirty-four animals which have been used two months in working the coach Pioneer between New York and Ardsley. The total proceeds of the sale were \$24,000. Among the buyers were Harry Payne Whitney, G. G. Haven Jr., and other well-known whips. The former paid the top price, \$4705 for one pair. Several others were sold singly at \$1000 to \$1800.

## Filipino Bandit Captured.

Manila.—The constabulary captured in Rizal Province Faustino Guillermo, the most notorious outlaw in the island of Luzon. Guillermo approached a detachment of constabulary and offered the men a bribe to desert and join him. A successful trap was planned and Guillermo was made a prisoner. During and since the insurrection he has committed many murders and robberies.

## Electric Car Smashed.

Los Angeles.—A freight train backed into a Pasadena electric car on the Santa Fe crossing at the West end of the Alviso-street viaduct, smashing the rear end of the electric car and injuring R. H. Graham. The other passengers saw the impending collision and ran forward in the car, thus escaping injury. Several were severely shaken up.

## HAVE FOUNDED A MODERN UTOPIA

Community of One Hundred Vegetarians Propose to Live Natural Life.

New York.—A cable to the World from Geneva, Switzerland, says: One hundred persons, thirty of them women, have settled at Ascona, on the Swiss-Italian frontier, intending to found a community modeled upon Sir Thomas Moore's "Utopia." The members are to have individual liberty of action and of thought, but are pledged to live in the most frugal way. They are vegetarians, their dress is of the simplest character and no hats or caps are worn. All belong to the educated classes. Their laws, they say, are those of nature, and they acknowledge no others. Their sole amusement is music, by preference that of Wagner, whom they call nature's musician.

The founder of the colony is a Belgian, but among the members are Swiss, Italians, French, Germans, Russians and one South American.

They differ from the Tolstoyists in that their desire is not to help others, but only to live a quiet, natural life away from the world. A committee is trying to invent a language which will be their own.

## Kurds Are Taking Up Arms.

Cologne.—The Kurds are taking up arms in Kurdistan according to a dispatch to the Cologne Gazette from Constantinople. The dispatch adds that the United States Minister, British Ambassador and German Charge have made representations to the Porte regarding recent occurrences at Harput, where the arrests of Armenian teachers and domiciliary visits to the houses of Armenians have caused a panic.

## Destructive Forest Fires.

Seattle.—Reports received show that there is grave danger of last year's forest fires being repeated this summer. The crew of a logging camp have been fighting fire in the hills back of Enumclaw, which town narrowly escaped being wiped out last summer for several days. The woods are on fire all around Granite Falls. Ellsworth camp, on Naset river, was utterly destroyed by the flames, causing a loss of about \$10,000.

Feed meat in some form at least twice a week and preferably every two days.

**The People's Store**  
GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,  
South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store  
in San Mateo County that

**SELLS**  
Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;  
Boots and Shoes;  
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;  
Crochery and Agate Ware;  
Hats and Caps.

**AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.**

Give Us a Call  
and be Convinced.

**Cyrus Noble**

The World famous  
American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of  
the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

# THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Proprietor.

A soft answer often maketh a man  
sick.

Thomas A. Edison's pipe still seems  
to be burning.

Women will tell you that they "aim"  
at truth. Perhaps that is why they do  
not hit the target.

The first cigar and the first baby are  
alike—you wonder why other people  
seem to like them.

If Hetty Green had only been Rus-  
sell Sage's wife, then both of them  
would now be satisfied with life.

"Speaking of unhappy lots," remarks  
the Baltimore American, "what about  
the graveyard?" Usually the fence.

The Chicago police raided ten get-  
rich-quick concerns in one week. What  
a strenuous job, this keeping the fool  
and his money together.

When revolutionists kill a President  
in Honduras they call it an accident,  
probably because of the well known  
fact that accidents will happen.

It must have come easy for Adam  
when he wished to flatter Eve. He  
could call her the fairest of her sex  
without bethering his conscience in the  
least.

There are a few people who strug-  
gle all their lives in the hope that some-  
day they may be wealthy enough to  
exude aphorisms on how to attain suc-  
cess.

The typical American public official  
never seems to doubt that he is chosen  
to make a judicious selection of which  
laws ought to be enforced and which  
ignored. Every sheriff or police chief  
is his own legislator nowadays.

Love of gambling in one form or an-  
other seems to be in the American  
blood and the American boy is easily  
led astray by temptations to "take  
chances" on the various gambling  
schemes that have been allowed to be-  
come a part of the ordinary merchan-  
dise of the shops that he frequents.  
These things should be put out of the  
reach of our school children.

Marksmen are born, not made, as  
Horace might have said. A man who  
had been in the navy only three weeks  
was a member of one of the crews  
manning a six-pound gun on a recent  
target practice cruise of the Texas.  
He aimed the gun—the first time he  
had ever done such a thing—and hit  
the target at a thousand yards. Then,  
just to show that it was not luck, he  
hit the target nine times more in suc-  
cession.

When street railways begin to run  
sleeping cars they will have invaded  
every field occupied by the steam rail-  
ways. In some parts of the country  
freight is carried in trolley cars; in  
New York City express cars are run  
under a street railway franchise; and  
last month a Massachusetts street rail-  
way owner ordered a combination par-  
lor, sleeping and dining car, which is  
to be run over the street railway  
tracks. He expects soon to be able to  
go to New York and to Boston by trol-  
ley.

The startling statement is made in  
Minnesota that of the forty-one pris-  
oners in the Hennepin County jail not  
one is above 23 years of age. The  
condition that brings about this state  
of affairs is worth while inquiring into.  
A Hennepin County judge, comment-  
ing upon the situation, says that he be-  
lieves the increase of crime among  
young men is due to their being forced  
out of many sources of employment by  
girls. The one thing certain is the  
fact that there are more young men  
occupying cells in jails and peniten-  
tiaries than there were a few years  
ago, and it behooves those persons who  
interest themselves in criminology to  
inquire into the conditions that have  
brought about this increase in the  
criminal tendencies of young men.

The cost of extra knots of high speed  
was elucidated by recent experiments  
with a new armored British cruiser,  
Cape of Good Hope, of 14,100 tons.  
On her eighth-hour trial she made a  
mean speed of 23.05 knots. Her coal  
expenditure for various speeds was  
plotted with surprising results. To go  
from 11.5 knots to 23 knots needed,  
roughly, 26,000 additional horse power,  
while the last knot alone absorbed  
8,621 horse power. That is to say,  
to progress from 22 to 23 knots needed  
as much power as the total required  
to drive the ship at about 16 knots; or,  
to put it in still another way, the  
power needed to drive the Cape of  
Good Hope at full speed would propel  
two similar vessels at about 19 knots.  
The coal consumption at full speed  
was, roughly, twenty-six tons per  
hour; at 19 knots, about 11 tons per  
hour. Again, at full speed the ship  
would steam 0.85 knot for each ton of  
coal burned, while at 19 knots the dis-  
tance would be double for a similar  
consumption of fuel.

John Green Brady, the governor of  
Alaska, has never known the name of  
his father or mother. Years ago when  
he was a street gamin in New York  
city, selling newspapers and blacking  
shoes, he was just "Brady." So the  
other street arabs called him. One day  
with a carload of city waifs he was  
shipped out West. Judge Green, of In-

diana, saw the carload of boys and  
told his wife about the invoice of  
youngsters. She thought they ought  
to take one. "Very well," said the  
judge, "I'll pick out the toughest spec-  
imen of the lot." He selected "Brady."  
Now, in homely phraseology, "You  
can't never tell what may become of  
a lousy calf." Mrs. Green got hold of  
the boy's heart. Her refining influ-  
ence soon had its effect on the young  
barbarian. He saw the world would  
give him a chance. Ambition spoke to  
him. He clung to the name of Brady  
and left all his old life behind him.  
Henceforth he was John Green Brady.  
To make a long story short, the boy  
went through the grades and high  
school at the head of his classes.  
Partly by his own efforts and aided  
partly by Judge Green, he went  
through Yale College. Then he was  
sent as a missionary to Sitka, Alaska.  
He became the best loved man in that  
country and was appointed Governor.  
Boy, young man, whoever you are:  
Turn toward the world a brave and  
smiling face and hold up your chin!  
And woman: The turning of that  
street waif "Brady" was a nobler mir-  
acle, and as great, as that which  
turned the water into wine.

Not so long ago an instructor at an  
eastern university said to his class,  
"Always have a good book by you to  
read when you ought to be doing some-  
thing else." This, like many other epi-  
grams, is not a rule rigidly to be fol-  
lowed. The idea finds fuller expres-  
sion in some recent advice from Sen-  
ator Hoar: "Be diligent in your busi-  
ness, but not diligent to the exclusion  
of everything else. Read. Take some  
good author and soak yourself in him.  
The man who does but one thing well  
is only a one-armed man or a one-eyed  
man." It is not right to read when  
one ought to be doing something else,  
but it is right to set aside some part  
of the waking hours, when the mind  
is fresh enough to grapple with good  
ideas, and use it in work of a different  
kind from that which we do for a liv-  
elihood. For those whose chief occupa-  
tion is intellectual, this secondary  
work should be labor with the hands.  
But for most people it might well con-  
sist in reading good magazines or  
books. There are so many cheap pocket  
editions of standard works that the  
equipment for such reading is neither  
expensive nor cumbersome. One's  
principal occupation is supposed to fill  
the pocketbook. That other pocket  
book, a copy of an English classic, is  
a treasury always full. This reading,  
then, is not merely the lighter sort  
done for relaxation in the hours of  
rest. It is work of an important kind.  
Every man owes it to society not only  
to earn bread, but to be an intelligent  
citizen, with ideas on life and knowl-  
edge of affairs. To fulfill this duty  
he reads, and to make the reading ef-  
fective he must approach it as serious  
though joyous labor.

Politicians declared twenty years ago  
that the reform of the civil service on  
the lines urged by the advocates of the  
merit system was impossible. Party  
organizations were necessary, they  
said, and such organizations could not  
be maintained without patronage. If  
the party workers were not to be re-  
warded by appointment to office there  
would be no party workers. It was  
maintained that the merit system was  
contrary to the genius of American  
political institutions. Only the invet-  
erate spoilsman, of whom there are  
few left, holds this view to-day. So  
great is the change that has come  
about in the sentiment, not only of  
the politicians, but of the general pub-  
lic, that little attention was attracted  
to the announcement by the national  
Civil Service Commission that it had  
extended the rules so as to cover into  
the classified service all appointive po-  
sitions not expressly excluded by law.  
The first Civil Service Commission put  
less than 14,000 places in the classified  
service to be filled by competitive ex-  
amination. This number has grown  
until more than 112,000 were so filled  
prior to the latest revision of the rules,  
which has increased the number by  
some thousands more. A similar re-  
form in the manner of making appoint-  
ments has been going on in many  
cities and States, resulting in the  
transformation of the executive offi-  
cers from patronage mongers, or em-  
ployment agents, into efficient adminis-  
trators. All concerned have profited  
by the change. Besides freeing the ex-  
ecutive officers from the pest of place-  
hunters, the reform has opened the  
door of public service to every young  
man capable of doing his work better  
than his competitor. He does not have  
to follow a party leader about and  
plead for appointment, but after he  
gets on the eligible list he is likely to  
be selected to fill the first vacancy. In  
any list of bloodless revolutions the  
establishment of the merit system in  
the United States civil service should  
be included.

**Wedding Anniversaries.** First year,  
cotton wedding; second year, paper  
wedding; third year, leather wedding;  
fifth year, wooden wedding; seventh  
year, woolen wedding; tenth year, tin  
wedding; twelfth year, the wedding of  
silk and fine linen; twenty-first year,  
china wedding; the silver wedding  
comes at the end of the twenty-fifth  
year; the pearl wedding is the thirtieth  
anniversary; the ruby wedding is  
the fortieth, and the golden wedding  
the fiftieth; the diamond wedding is  
the sixtieth.

**Cranberries.** are used internally and  
externally in cases of erysipelas.

These girls with active imaginations,  
do the young men know that they  
make very suspicious wives?



## EDITORIALS

### OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

#### Working Without System.

A MAN who does forcible work must dismiss a sub-  
ject from his mind when he is done with it. This  
increases the grasp and power of the mind and keeps  
it clear for concentration upon the thing under con-  
sideration. Nothing can be accomplished with half a mind;  
you must concentrate or focus all your powers upon the  
thing you are doing. This you can never do when things  
by the score are half settled in your mind, continually  
obtruding themselves for consideration, and hindering the  
thought of present problems.

When you have anything in hand, settle it. Do not  
look at it, lay it down, then look at something else and  
lay that down also, but settle things as you go along.  
It is a thousand times better to make an occasional mistake  
than never to settle anything, but be always balancing,  
weighing and considering many things at a time.

It is vigorous thought which counts. A subject which  
is handled, so to speak, with the tips of the mental fingers,  
never amounts to anything. You must seize and grasp  
with all your might the thing you are attempting, and do it  
with vigor and enthusiasm, if you wish to bear the stamp  
of superiority when completed. Another defect in your  
work, which arises from the faults mentioned, is failure to  
complete things. Your work bears the impress of incom-  
pleteness, and seems always to lack something.

If you could overcome these defects, you might be suc-  
cessful, for you really possess great ability, but lack defi-  
niteness. Evidently your mind has not been trained to  
exactitude. There has been carelessness in your education  
somewhere. It may be partly the fault of your teachers  
or your parents in not calling your attention in early life  
to these deficiencies. If this had been done the task of  
correction would have been easier than it is now, but the  
faults may still be overcome if proper diligence be used.—  
Success.

#### Leprosy.

ONE medical surprise follows another. What seemed  
more unlikely than that mosquitoes are the cause of  
malaria and yellow fever? And yet such is the fact  
now universally accepted. And who would have  
thought that the foremost cause of leprosy, the most dread-  
ed of diseases, is the eating of unwholesome fish? And  
yet, when this cause is once suspected a multitude of  
proofs seem to support it, and an investigation made in  
India brings back the report that such is probably the  
fact. It seems that where leprosy prevails, as in Palestine,  
Norway, Nova Scotia and Hawaii, fish is a large item of  
food. This does not mean that fish, fresh or well cured,  
is unhealthy, nor that leprosy is, in a way, contagious;  
but merely that fish badly cured is a disposing cause of  
the disease. To be sure the theory has not yet become  
a matter of settled medical science, but it is one of those  
suggestions which have possible validity and which will  
be the occasion of very careful investigation, with the  
good hope that another dreaded disease will be first un-  
derstood and then conquered and exterminated. That is what  
we have in large measure done with typhus fever and yel-  
low fever, and expect to do with malaria and consumption.  
—New York Independent.

#### As to Climate and Character.

CLIMATE has an undoubted influence on the charac-  
ter. Persons take from atmospheric conditions and  
surroundings many of their mental attributes; they  
seem to absorb into their being something akin to the  
climate and environment. Those born and reared in a rugged,  
wild and bleak country are generally rugged, hardy and stern  
themselves, while those brought up in a rich, warm and  
genial climate and surroundings are themselves usually of  
a generous, easy-going nature. The London Evening Stand-  
ard, of a recent date, discusses the subject and says: "In  
lands of the sun, where the earth offers the necessities and  
luxuries of life almost without labor, man is sapped of  
energy, and leads a lotus existence. No effort is demanded  
of him, and the capacity to do dwindles within him. He  
lolls sensuously in the lap of nature, a materialist and  
without ambition.

A temperate, bracing climate is the most healthy, both  
for body and mind. The strong air imparts force of char-  
acter as well as power of limb. No one is superior to atmos-  
pheric conditions; it affects all, though sometimes uncon-  
sciously. Investigations in schools show that pupils are  
able to do their best work when the weather is cold, calm

#### Pete Might Have Proved an Alibi.

"Ah doan' b'lieve in convictin' any  
man on subsumstanshal evidence,"  
said the deacon to a New York Trib-  
man.

"Dat's right," said Uncle Ned. "Ah  
knowed of a case mahself when Ah  
was a young man, many yeas ago,  
where an innocent man was sent to  
jail fo' stealin' chickings what was tuk  
by anudder pusson. His name was  
Pete Jackson; he was a married man  
an' had a fambly, an' de fambly had  
an appetite fo' chickings, an' a farmer  
in de neighborhood had de chickings.  
Wal, de farmer missed chickings ebery  
wunst in awhile, an' he kep' his eye  
peeled, but he cudn't find out jes' who  
tuk 'em, only he 'spected Pete, case  
he was de neares' niggah. But one  
night when de farmer kem out of his  
house wif a shotgun he seen a man jes'  
gwine away from de chicking coop, an'  
he chased him. But de man was spry  
an' de farmer didn't coteh him, an' he  
los' sight of him somewheres in de  
dark, an' when he kem to de turn in  
de road he didn't know which way to  
go. But putty soon he seen a man  
runnin' an' he follered him along de  
twistin' an' turnin' of de road till de  
man kem to Pete Jackson's house. De  
farmer kotehed him right at de door-  
de man was Pete Jackson—an' he  
yanked him along an' had him jugged.  
But Pete hadn't no chickings wif him  
when he was cotehed, an' de farmer  
t'ought, mebbe, he was skeered away  
from de coop befo' he got any."

"But when de farmer zamlined de  
coop he made sure dey was chickings  
missin' from de day befo'; an' in de  
mawnin' he went to Pete's house an'  
dere was Missus Jackson gittin' a  
chickening ready fo' dinner. De farmer  
cudn't understan' how she got dat  
chickening so quick from Pete, case Pete

didn't have time to go into de house  
when he was cotehed, but dem was de  
fac's in de case, an' Pete was sent up.  
He done tried to 'stablish a alibey,  
but dey wudn't listen to him. So Pete  
did time fo' stealin' dem chickings  
what he nebbah stole."

"Am yo' shuah he wa'n't guilty?"  
asked de deacon.

"Shuah. Ah was wif him dat night,  
an' he didn't steal no chickings at all.  
He was in a graveyard gittin' de lef'  
hind foot of a rabbit, an' he done got  
it. When we was comin' home we  
heerd de noise of de farmer chasin'  
de man what stole de chickings an' we  
got skeered an' run, an' got seprated  
in de dark. Den de farmer mus' hab  
lost sight of de man he was chasin',  
an' den he sees Pete an' chases an'  
coteches him."

"But why didn't yo' go up an' re-  
late de real state of de fac's?"

"Wal, Ah didn't s'pose dey'd b'lieve  
me, an' Ah was skeered dat if Ah said  
Ah was wif Pete dat night Ah might  
be wif him fo' de nex' six mont's."

"An' how do yo' account fo' de chick-  
ing what Pete's wife was cookin' de  
nex' mawnin'?"

"Wal, dat chickening an' anudder one  
Pete stole from an entially diff'rint  
coop de night befo' he got in trouble,  
so his wife had chickings to cook fo'  
two days hand runnin'."

"But doan' de hull affair t'row some  
doubt on de prewailin' opinion dat de  
lef' hind foot of a rabbit am lucky?"

"Ah doan' know as it does. De judge  
only gave Pete two mont's, an' ebery-  
body t'ought he'd get six."

**He, Also, Could Be Frugal.**

The stingiest man in the town of  
Bramville had sent for John Briggs to  
discuss a matter of importance. When  
Mr. Briggs entered the room it was  
lighted by one dim candle only.

"It's a bright starlight night," said  
his host, "and we don't need the candle  
to talk by;" whereupon he blew it out  
as soon as his guest had found a seat.  
The room was pitch-dark and the

and clear. In large factories, it is stated that an unpleasant  
day will reduce the output by 10 per cent. Again, con-  
tinued hot weather invariably brings forth a crop of crimes  
of passion, while the summer is also the season most pro-  
lific of suicide. Rain seems to exert a deterrent effect on  
crime, and fewer deeds of violence are committed on cloudy  
days than on bright ones.

Whatever there may be said to the contrary, the fact is  
undeniable that climate influences to a remarkable degree  
character and conduct.—Medical Record.

#### Improved Country Life.

SOME of the most active and brainy business and  
professional men in the cities came direct from the  
farms, without capital save healthy minds and stom-  
achs and strong ambition. Being eager and able,  
they have worked their way to the top. And yet the fact  
must not be lost sight of that all country boys who go to  
the city do not succeed. Some of the poorest of the poor  
in the city are from the country. In the slums will be  
found those who abandoned farm life under the impression  
that a mere move in the city would mean good living if not  
wealth and ease. Such persons would not succeed any-  
where. They have not the capacity for success.

Life in the country, on the farm, however, is not so  
isolated and cheerless as in former days. Good roads, the  
daily newspaper, the bicycle, the rural free delivery of  
mail, the improved country school, the telephone, the neigh-  
borhood church, have each contributed to lightening and  
brightening life in the country. The farmer and his fam-  
ily are now enabled to keep in touch with the outside  
world, and as a matter of fact are generally better in-  
formed with respect to current events of the world than  
the average city family occupying relatively a similar  
position as respects income and social status. Those who  
live in the country read and remember. Those who live  
in the city often read but otherwise read and forget, because  
there are so many things to demand their attention. And  
the improvement of country conditions is steadily progress-  
ing. They are much better now than they were ten years  
ago, and they will be better ten years hence than they  
are now. This ought to have the effect of decreasing the  
drift from the country to the city, and it no doubt will do  
so. Meanwhile, we say let the country boys of brains and  
capacity come to the city. There is room and a demand  
for them. No city ever had too many country boys of the  
right sort. They are the mainstay of the country. May the  
rewards of their merit never be less!—Savannah News.

#### As to Inherited Wealth.

WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT is thus quoted in a  
London weekly paper: "Inherited wealth is a  
big handicap to happiness. It is as certain death  
to ambition as cocaine is to morality. If a man  
makes money, no matter how much, he finds a certain  
happiness in its possession, for in the desire to increase his  
business he has constant use for it. But the man who  
inherits it has none of this. The first satisfaction and the  
greatest, that of building the foundation of a fortune, is  
denied him. He must labor, if he does labor, simply to add  
to what may be an over-sufficiency."

Why should inherited wealth be "a big handicap to hap-  
piness"? Why must the possessor of it labor "simply to  
add to what may be an over-sufficiency"? Why should a  
man who gets millions from his father be unable to make  
himself the architect of his own happiness? Great wealth  
implies great care. It also implies an opportunity to do  
good that is denied to people of more restricted means.  
The opportunity to do good implies the certainty of a re-  
turn in the truest and most lasting kind of happiness, the  
happiness that is born of doing unto others even as you  
would that they should do unto you. Instead of being "cer-  
tain death to ambition" inherited wealth ought to give to  
ambition the very highest and noblest stimulation. It  
ought to encourage men who can think at all, to think  
less of themselves and more of others, to invest their mon-  
ey not with the desire of simply adding to what may be  
an over-sufficiency, but to add to the sum of human hap-  
piness and contentment by lessening the sum of human  
misery and ignorance. The rich man who spends his  
money, acquired either through inheritance or thrift, entire-  
ly upon himself and upon his immediate family, deserves  
to feel that the hypertrophy of his bank account is "a big  
handicap to happiness." If he wants to feel differently he  
may do so through a very simple and obvious choice.—  
Brooklyn Eagle.

conversation was long. When it was  
over the host lighted the candle again  
to show his visitor out.

"Well, well, sir, this is a strange  
sight!" he blustered, for Mr. Briggs  
was minus coat, waistcoat, collar and  
necktie.

"I'll put them on now you've lighted  
the candle," said Mr. Briggs, calmly.  
"I thought I might just as well save  
the wear on them as long as nobody  
could see."

#### Hot Cross Buns.

In its early days, when it is to be  
hoped, it was more toothsome than it  
is now, the hot cross bun played some  
part in converting the people of these  
islands to Christianity. Pagan Eng-  
land was in the habit of eating cakes  
in honor of the goddess of spring, and  
Christian missionaries found that  
though they could alter the views of  
the people in reference to religious  
matters they could not induce them  
to withhold from the consumption of  
confectionery. So they put the sign of  
the cross upon the bun of the Saxon  
era and launched it upon missionary  
enterprise which has extended through  
the intervening centuries and survived  
till now.

#### Curling Story.

An ostentatious curler said to the  
members of his rink:

"Don't you bother about cutting  
sandwiches. We'll take the bounce out  
of the other fellows. I have arranged  
with a farmer to send down a pet of  
Irish stew."

The dish, to the envy of the onlook-  
ers, arrived before the game was fin-  
ished, and to keep it warm top coats  
were put over it. When the gun  
sounded "cease play" the party made  
their way to enjoy the special luxury,  
but on lifting the coats there was a  
hole in the ice the size of the pot,  
which had melted its way through the  
ice to the bottom of the loch.

Some people are so sensitive that  
they seem to have corns all over them.

#### OUTPUT OF TOOTHPICKS.

Millions Manufactured in America  
and More Imported.

There is one article of manufacture  
that is used so extensively in the United  
States that no one has an idea of the  
annual quantity consumed, namely,  
wooden toothpicks. According to an  
expert, the number is simply incalcu-  
lable. Millions upon millions of the tiny  
wooden slivers are turned out every  
year from American factories alone,  
and on top of this tremendous output  
come importations from Portugal and  
Japan and other countries nearly as  
large as the domestic product.

Most of the American toothpicks, ac-  
cording to the New York Times, come  
from Franklin County, in Maine, near  
the forest home of the white birch, out  
of which 95 per cent of the domestic  
toothpicks are made. This wood is soft  
and pliable and of admirable resistance  
for the purpose for which it is used.  
Whole mills in Maine are devoted to  
supplying the country with toothpicks,  
and in the industry it is to be found some  
of the finest and most intricate of ma-  
chinery. So tremendous is the output  
of these machines that in a brief ses-  
son, during the spring, enough tooth-  
picks can be made to supply the mar-  
kets of the entire country for the year  
to come.

A further idea of the capacity of the  
machines may be had from the fact that  
only 100 men are necessary to operate  
and run all the mills in Franklin Coun-  
ty. Other mills of this kind are scat-  
tered throughout Pennsylvania and  
Massachusetts and western New York,  
but the real home of the toothpick is  
Maine.

White birch is not the only wood used  
for the domestic toothpick; maple and  
poplar are employed as well, but birch  
has the property of retaining its forest  
odor and sweetness.

The felling of toothpick trees is only  
incidental to the regular lumber work  
of the Maine foresters. No especial  
men are sent out to hunt up suitable  
trees. But whenever the foreman of a  
gang of woodsmen comes across a tree  
especially adapted to toothpicks he or-  
ders it felled and laid aside. The  
branches of the tree are then trimmed  
and only the trunk itself is transported  
to the mills. There the bark is skinned  
and the naked trunk is run through a  
machine which severs it into veneers.  
"Veneers" is the technical expression  
for thin strips of wood no thicker than  
a piece of blotting paper and no wider  
than the length of a toothpick. Once  
the trunk has been cut into these sheets  
of wood, only one process remains to  
turn out the toothpicks fit for packing  
and shipping to market. The veneers  
are fed into a second machine supplied  
with sharp, rotary knives that whirl at  
tremendous high speed, snipping the  
veneers into toothpicks at the rate of  
hundreds of thousands an hour.

It is only the so-called "fancy" tooth-  
pick that is not made in this country.  
In Portugal, from where most of the  
orange-wood picks are imported, the  
sticks are sharpened by young girls  
who, in return for turning out "picks"  
sharp as needles and smooth as ivory,  
are paid 3 cents a day.

The Japanese toothpicks are made of  
fine reeds, and are distinct from those  
sent to this country by the Portuguese  
manufacturers. A Japanese toothpick  
is delicate and thin as tissue paper, and  
nevertheless strong and pliable. The  
Japanese toothpick-maker earns even  
less than his Portuguese fellow crafts-  
man, his remuneration being a fraction  
more than 2 cents a day. In short, a  
thousand toothpicks may be bought in  
Japan for as much as it costs to pack  
and box 5,000 of American make.

#### "Ikey, Get Off the Wagon."

The quick wit of one of the ushers  
at a recent wedding averted what  
might have been a tragedy following  
the joyous ceremony. He had been the  
life of the large house party attending  
the wedding. One of his stories particu-  
larly pleased the father of the bride.  
The catch line in it was, "Ikey, get off  
the wagon." After the bride and bride-  
groom had started on their honeymoon  
a number of the guests went to a the-  
ater, then to supper, and it was late  
when they drove to the home of their  
host.

"The house was dark, and though a  
ring of the bell would have brought one  
of the servants, it was decided for a  
lark to try to get in, undetected, through  
a window opening on the porch. Being  
in a happy mood the party forgot that  
there had been some talk during the  
day of the possibilities of burglars mak-  
ing a try for the valuable wedding pres-  
ents.

The window fastening was not very  
secure and a little pressure released it.  
Then the usher got his head inside the  
window. He saw the glint of polished  
steel in the dim light at the end of the  
hall, and he realized his danger of be-  
ing shot for a burglar. Quick as a flash,  
he shouted, "Ikey, get off the wagon."

When the bride's father opened the  
door and let them in, he still had the  
revolver in his hand. He said, a little  
more soberly than he had before, "My  
boy, that's a great story."—New York  
Sun.

#### Unique Indoor Snowstorm.

Nature tells of an indoor snowstorm  
on a very clear, cold evening at a  
party given in Stockholm, Sweden.  
Many people were gathered in a single  
room, which became so warm as to be  
insufferable. The window sashes were  
found to be frozen, and a pane of glass  
was smashed out. A cold air current  
rushed in, and at the same instant  
flakes of snow were seen to fall to  
the floor in all parts of the room. The  
atmosphere was so saturated with  
moisture that the sudden fall in tem-  
perature produced a snowfall indoors.  
—New York Tribune.

#### For the Babies.

The best peccan is that from Brazil.

## Boys And Girls

### Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

#### Meg's Disappointment.

"You must do the best you can, Meg," said Mrs. Bryant, as she tied on her bonnet. "Look after baby, see the fire doesn't go out, and get a bit of dinner. The cleaning must stay till I come back. It's very awkward your Uncle Tom getting ill on a Saturday, but it can't be helped. I shall be back by tea time. Good-by, dears!"

When Mrs. Bryant had gone, Meg threw herself into a chair and burst into tears.

"I declare it's too bad," she exclaimed, "to have to stay at home and look after baby, instead of going blackberrying with the other girls! Uncle Tom might have got ill some other day."

"Why 'oo crying, Meg?" lisped little 3-year-old Bennie, putting a chubby little hand into Meg's.

"Get away, Bennie," cried Meg, peevishly, giving him a push.

Ben was a forgiving little fellow, so he stroked Meg's hand softly and whispered:

"Poor little Meg! Poor little Meg!"

Presently he trotted away into the garden, and Meg went on crying dismally.

"I'm always being disappointed," she grumbled. "No matter what I settle to do, something's sure to stop it; and I had set my mind on going to Bentley Woods to-day."

"Wherever has that child got to?" she said, after a time, suddenly jumping up and running into the garden.

"Meg Bryant, Meg Bryant, come along!" called a number of voices from the other side of the hedge which divided the little garden from the high road.

"I can't come," said Meg, crossly. "There's uncle gone and got ill, and mother gone off all in a hurry, and no one left to look after Bennie."

"What a shame!" cried several voices.

"But wherever is Ben?" said Meg, blankly, when she saw he was nowhere in the garden. She was getting quite frightened.

"We haven't seen him on the road our way," said the girls; and they all good-naturedly joined in the search.

"What shall I do if he's lost?" said Meg, in dismay.

"He's not lost, never fear," replied a big girl, consolingly; "he couldn't get far on those little legs of his."

And to Meg's great relief, when they reached the corner where the road turned there was the little chap toddling along in the middle of the road, his faded red frock and yellow head making a bright patch of color in the distance.

Meg flew to her little brother, and caught him up, covering his face with kisses.

"Oh, baby, baby, what a fright you did give me, to be sure!"

"I'm going to mudder," said Ben, solemnly.

"Meg's cross; mudder's nice."

"Come back with me, darling," said his sister; "Meg'll be nice to Bennie now."

"Will 'oo?" said Bennie; "den I'll come."

The fright had quite driven away Meg's ill humor, and when she entered the cottage again and saw how untidy it was, owing to Mrs. Bryant's having been suddenly called away from the Saturday's cleaning, a bright thought came into her head.

"I'll do the cleaning to-day," she said to herself, "and surprise mother."

So she set to work with a will. She black-leaded the grate till it shone again, scrubbed the table thoroughly, mopped away at the floor till not a speck of dirt remained. By dinner time Meg was very hungry, and had quite recovered from her disappointment.

After dinner there was the water to fetch from the well, and the steps to clean; and Meg even washed the little red brick path that led to the gate, which Mrs. Bryant seldom did. It was so pleasant to think of mother's surprise when she would see it.

When the tea was laid, Meg went into the garden and picked some flowers to make a pretty posy in an old brown jug, which she set on the window sill.

Poor Mrs. Bryant, tired with tramping along the dusty road, could hardly believe her eyes when she came up to the little gate and saw a beautiful white step.

"Why, who has been cleaning that step?" she said to herself. "A nice lot of cleaning I've got to do before I can go to bed to-night."

But when she got up to the cottage door her surprise was greater than ever; for instead of a dirty, untidy kitchen she saw a spotlessly clean one, with tea ready, the kettle singing away merrily on the fire, which was reflected in the bright row of shining tins on the dresser; baby's rosy face radiant from a recent application of soap and water; and Meg with a happy look on her face, ready to make the tea.

"Well," said Mrs. Bryant, as she sank wearily into a chair, "you are a good girl, Meg!"

And Meg thought, as she saw her mother resting quietly and enjoying her tea, that she had never had such a happy day in her life.—Waverley Magazine.

#### Thawing on His Own Resources.

Often one of the best things that can happen to a young man with the right sort of material in him is to be thrown on his own resources. Do not

complain because you have no one to lean upon. A well-known judge once gave his son a thousand dollars, and told him to go to college and graduate.

The son returned at the end of the first year, his money all gone and with several very extravagant habits. At the close of the vacation the judge said to him:

"Well, William, are you going to college this year?"

"I have no money, father."

"But I gave you \$1,000 to graduate on."

"It is all gone, father."

"Very well, my son, it is all I could give you; you can't stay here; you must now pay your own way in the world."

A new light broke in upon the vision of the young man. He accommodated himself to the situation, again left home, made his way through college, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became Governor of the State of New York, entered the cabinet of the President of the United States, and has made a record that will not soon die, for he was none other than William H. Seward.

#### A Feline Toothache.



Dreadfully painful.

#### An Accurate Description.

This is the way little Mabel, when she was about three years old, described her papa's mustache cup:

"Papa has a cup, and Mr. Worth has one, too, with a little hole in it, and a shelf over it, and they put their mustaches on that shelf."

#### What They Were Doing.

A little boy was standing at the clock looking at it very intently, says the Little Chronicle. His mamma asked him: "What time is it?"

He replied: "One hand is at something and the other hand is at nothing."

#### Continued in Our Next.

"Well, Clarence," asked papa, "how did you like school?"

"Oh, I like it all right," he replied, "but we didn't get through to-day, so we all have to go back to-morrow."

#### He Had Followed Directions.

A little black boy sat on the soap box which served as a front step to the tumble-down shanty. His skin was more than black. Here and there it looked as if it had been varnished. His fingers clung together when he attempted to open his hands, and films of silky sweetness were spun about him as he threw back his head and opened his mouth in epicurean ecstasy. Household World explains his happy condition:

"Goodness, law!" exclaimed the old mammy, who came suddenly round the corner. "What you sitting dat away for when I jes' been trying ter clean you' up? Ef you ain't went an' m'olassed yosef I'm head to foot!"

"Dat ain't lasses, mammy."

"Whut's de use o' me trying ter make yo' 'spectable, I'd like to know? I wash yo' an' I dress yo', an' den I tells yo' ter go an' use de comb, didn't I?"

"Yes'm. An' I look roun', an' all de comb I could fin' was dis yere honeycomb. But I done use dat, mammy, I sholly did."

#### Salary and Wages.

Daughter—Yes, pa, there are two young men who have asked me to marry, and both are nice fellows.

Father—And are both in a way to support you?

Daughter—I think so. Phil tells me he has a tidy salary and George says he is receiving good wages.

Father—You choose George and you'll make no mistake, I think. At any rate, it's safer to marry a man who has wages than one who has a salary.—Boston Transcript.

#### New X-Ray Machine.

A nickel-in-the-slot X-ray machine has been invented. The observer places a coin in the slot, moves a lever, puts his hand, or whatever he wishes to examine, into the box without any sides, and looks down at it through a fluorescent screen which forms the top of the box.

#### Specifications Required.

He—Indeed, she has a face that would turn any man's head.

She—What way?—Yonkers Statesman.

## TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.

### RECENT ONES ARE FREE FROM "SPORTY" MODELS.

Mannish Types Are Seen but Seldom—Demand for Severity Comes as Protest Against Elaborateness in Get-Ups—Notes on Latest Fashions.

New York correspondence:

RETTY much all of recent stylish tailoring has been free from sporty models. The "hobby" woman and mannish types have been seen, of course, but have gone as expressions of individual and somewhat eccentric taste. Throughout the entire field of fine tailoring there has been more or less acknowledgment of the value of decorative fancies. These standards will hold, probably, until a general change-about in mode, but soaps are thrown now and then to admirers of masculine finish, and one of these has just appeared. It consists of a suit of three-quarters length coat and skirt barely clearing the ground. Black and white shepherd plaid is their material, and the



finish is of the severest. Some are strapped down every seam. They afford a chance for the would-be sporty looking crowd, but some of the consequences are amusing, for women who haven't a look of self-reliance, with some swagger, look comically unsuited to such gowns. Though the suits look simple, their fit must be perfect, and their cost is high. As worn, they're always fastened, no suggestion of light, soft waist showing.

The demand for severe gowns comes from the search for an offset to the elaborate dress-ups. But average taste is such that not a great many women who can afford the beautiful elaborations of

fancy goods are handsome in tailored gowns. Grays are so numerous as to be almost overdone, and an occasional darker dress makes a pleasing contrast. Street gowns are made with every seam of skirt and blouse jacket trimmed with a stitched band of the cloth from an inch to two inches wide. This is a pretty style for those whose figures will bear such dividing into sections.

The artist shows, in her initial picture and in the right hand figure of each large illustration three pretty tailor suits that reflect the newest fancies in embellishment. The first was blue Sicilian and narrow black braid. The next was sketched in white canvas cloth, black stitching and black silk ornaments. The third model was coffee colored broadcloth finished with two widths of black silk braid. Its beauty was accentuated by being shown over a waist of sheer white handkerchief linen. The kind of braid employed on such gowns is an important matter, as the shopper finds when searching for such trimming. Their variety is very great. In silk, silk-and-wool and all wool, there are many handsome sorts.

New ideas in laces are cropping out, and perhaps they won't be fine on summer dress-ups! A brand new fancy is a point vaise in which sprays of color appear. Then the coloring of laces makes many old laces look like new, so there is no end to the temptations of the lace counters. And the impression created there is re-enforced and clinched by the pretty uses of laces shown in model dresses. Take the left-hand dress of to-day's second picture: It was natural colored ponce, with green silk belt and cluny lace trimmings, and altogether enough to set a woman counting her money to see how near to duplicating it



STREET ATTIRE FROM DRESSMAKER AND TAILOR.

she could afford. Like tempters she'll find on every side of her in the stores.

Wash materials take on renewed attractiveness with every fresh installment received in the stores, and if a woman feels that she must not buy more summer goods, she should avoid the stores, for the displays are so tempting as to prove irresistible. And it is surprising how fast money flies in summer goods. Panama weaves are pretty and serviceable, as they are firm enough to launder beautifully. Many gowns in this weave come in embroidered pattern dresses. Those in the whites are especially pretty. The supply of linens is fine, and an occa-



WASH GOWN AND TAILOR SUIT.

tailoring can refuse to have them incorporated in their suits. The average amount of ornamentation on tailored suits is lessening, but still is considerable. Many suits are trimmed simply with stitchings and self-strappings, others show braidings, passementeries and touches of color. Some stitchings in white on the darker shades of goods are in such coarse stitches that at a little distance the gown looks as if it still held its bastings. Many finished in this way have a set pattern carried out in the stitching. This is fussy work, as the slightest deviation from the pattern will show very plainly, and that means expense. Others have each seam corded with a darker color, and still others have a fancy silk braid down each seam. The coats are nearly all without collars, flat trimming of some description taking off the plainness at the neck. This is a pretty style and one that looks to be and really is much cooler than the heavy collars so common recently. Mottled

sional new weave, such as the Chinese grass linens, show that the supply is not yet exhausted. Wash gowns shown as models make the shopper wonder how successfully they'll wash, this because of their elaborateness and the delicacy of their materials. Common prudence suggests limiting purchases in this field to entirely reliable stores, and careful consideration beforehand of goods and material. By exercising caution there should be no new difficulty. A pretty summer batiste has place in the concluding one of these pictures. It was an embroidered green weave, was trimmed with darker green cord and had a silk belt.

There's one great trouble with the immense snake ostrich feathers—they add tremendously to a hat's cost.

It is said dipped laces have not the greatest vogue because they wear abominably.

## IN THE REALM OF RELIGION



"The Holy City."

Thirty men, red-eyed and disheveled, lined up before a judge of the San Francisco police court. It was the regular morning company of "drunks and disorderlies." Some were old and hardened, others hung their heads in shame. Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing in of the prisoners quieted down, a strange thing happened. A strong, clear voice from below began singing:

Last night I lay a-sleeping.

There came a dream so fair.

Last night! It had been for them all a nightmare or a drunken stupor. The song was such a contrast to the horrible fact that no one could fail of a sudden shock at the thought the song suggested.

I stood in old Jerusalem.

Beside the Temple there,

the song went on. The judge had paused. He made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company, known all over the country, was waiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in his cell.

Meantime the song went on, and every man in the line showed emotion. One or two dropped on their knees; one boy at the end of the line, after a desperate effort at self-control, leaned against the wall, buried his face against his folded arms, and sobbed, "O mother, mother!"

The sob, cutting to the very heart the men who heard, and the song, still swelling its way through the courtroom, blended in the hush. At length one man protested.

"Judge," said he, "have we got to submit to this? We're here to take our punishment, but this—" He, too, began to sob.

It was impossible to proceed with the business of the court, yet the judge gave no order to stop the song. The police sergeant, after a surprised effort to keep the men in line, stepped back and waited with the rest. The song moved on to its climax:

Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Sing, for the night is o'er!

Hosanna in the highest! hosanna for evermore!

In an ecstasy of melody the last words rang out, and then there was silence.

The judge looked into the faces of the men before him. There was not one who was not touched by the song; not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred. He did not call the cases singly—a kind word of advice, and he dismissed them all. No man was fined or sentenced to the workhouse that morning. The song had done more good than punishment could have accomplished.—Youth's Companion.

#### Some Fine Church Statistics.

Last year the church organizations of the United States put nearly \$40,000,000 into new church buildings. Those are fine figures. As statistics they are fraught with more importance than those that deal with exports or the number of miles of railroads constructed annually. Every day sees the completion of from twelve to fifteen new church buildings in the United States.

You do not have to believe in religion to realize the effect of a church on a community. You may be as callous as you please, but will have to admit that the marks of civilization are churches and school houses, and that where you have the one you will always have the other.

And the best people in your neighborhood or town are church people. There may be hypocrites among them, and a scoundrel or two, who would use the church to mask his dealings, but as a whole, these church people are the ones you need, both in your social and business life. You do not worry about your daughter if she builds up her social circle among these church people, and in your heart you are glad that your boy has found friends in the church, even if you haven't set foot inside a house of worship in twenty years.

Leaving religion out of the question—the church is a guarantee of character and a builder of the same. It is a recognized fact in society and in business life. The \$40,000,000 put into church buildings in 1902 will produce dividends while the world shall last. The money has been well invested.

#### Queen Victoria at the "Messiah."

It is said of Queen Victoria that when she had just ascended her throne, she went to hear the "Messiah" rendered. She had been instructed by those who were wise in royal etiquette that she must not rise when the others stood at the singing of the Hallelujah Chorus.

When that magnificent chorus was being sung, and the singers were crying, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" she sat with great difficulty. It seemed to her as if she must rise in spite of the customs of kings and queens; but finally, when they came to that part of the chorus where, with a shout, they proclaim Him king of kings, suddenly the young queen rose, and stood with bowed head, as if she would take her own crown from off her head and cast it at His feet. How can any human heart refuse to confess the Christ who lived and died for our redemption?

#### The Lord's Prayer.

Our father who art in heaven, Who hast to us the power given, Thy sons to be,

Thy hallowed name receive the praise, Thy children's feeble voices raise, Alone to thee,

Enthroned thy will in every home, May thy enduring kingdom come, Ever to be,

Then daily let us still be fed, Give us thine all sufficient bread, So full and free,

Forgiving—we are forgiven, Lead us step by step to heaven, Nearer to thee,

Deliver us, by thy power and might, When evil assails thy right, Our God to be, —Amen.

#### Queen Sophie and the Bible.

The Queen of Sweden and Norway writes as follows to the British and Foreign Bible Society apropos of the society's centenary:

"I have been asked for a few words to testify of my faith in and appreciation of the Holy Bible. I cannot do better than quote the words of the Bible itself:

"The Holy Scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.

"That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.—II. Timothy, III., 15, 16, 17."

#### The Beautiful Life.

Some one has given the following description of how to begin the day: To rise each morning with a thought of God in the soul, left over to fill a new mission from the night before; to kneel ere descending the stairs for the consecration of your life and the renewed assurance of His guidance of you, just for that day—this is the true preface of a beautiful life.

#### Overflowing Kindness.

Let us hide our pains and sorrows. But, while we hide them, let them also be spurs within us to urge us on to all manner of overflowing kindness and sunny humor to those around us. When the very darkness within us creates a sunshine around us, then has the spirit of Jesus taken possession of our souls.—Frederick William Faber.

#### Silent Threads of Gold.

Little self-denials, little homelies, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold, which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—Deacon Farrar.

#### HAD A FIXED INCOME

#### Ben Had One Resource He Could Absolutely Depend Upon.

A lawyer who formerly practiced his profession in Georgia tells in the New York Telegram of an amusing case which he once tried in that State. He was then a student in the office of his uncle, Colonel Culver, who figured in local politics. A "trifling" negro, Ben Sutton, had been arrested at the instance of his wife, who was tired of supporting him, and insisted that the court make him work.

I defended Ben at the instance of my uncle, who was, I am sorry to say, inclined to curry favor with the colored voter. Ben was on the stand and I was examining him.

"Now, Ben," I said, "Ananda declares in her complaint that you don't give her any money, and—"

"Dat ol' woman's always complainin'," interrupted my client.

"Yes, I know, but what I want to ask you is, are you able to support her? Have you any income, that is, any fixed income?"

Ben looked puzzled. I tried to explain, and told him that a fixed income was an income on which a person could rely absolutely, not one contingent on odd jobs; in other words, a certainty. My uncle was sitting at my elbow coaching me, and I thought I was doing right well. "Now, tell the court," I concluded, "have you a fixed income?"

"Yessar," answered the black scamp. The answer almost took my breath away, for I had not counted on it.

"What!" I thundered. "You mean to say that you, Ben Sutton, have a steady, reliable and fixed income on which you can absolutely depend?"

"Yessar."

"What is it?" I gasped, in desperation.

"Well, sar, you see," returned Ben, "Colonel Culver, thar, he al'ays givs me fo' bits an' a sack uv flour on ever'lection day."

# THE ENTERPRISE

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SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1903.

The strike at Cypress Lawn Cemetery has been amicably adjusted and quiet once more reigns in the city of the dead.

The Postoffice Department at Washington is undergoing a pretty general cleaning up. It is a good plan turning the rascals out without waiting for a change of administration.

The silver countries are gradually working around to a gold basis. Mexico has taken the first step in that direction by establishing a reserve fund of \$25,000,000 in gold to maintain her silver coinage at a gold value of fifty cents on the dollar.

## GLOBE SIGHTS.

Every great talker thinks other people talk too much.

Spanish proverb: Live with the wolves, and you will learn to howl.

Advantages always look larger than disadvantages, even when the scales are balanced.

When you are in the company of runners, a trot won't do.

Miss Mae Appleton will leave Friday to spend two days in Hollidae.

A man's strength develops when he has something to do; not when he is idle.

When a man works hard and does a thing, the loafers say it is easy for him.

When a man has a fool notion he expects everybody to quit work, and listen while he talks about it.

It is a bad plan to throw stones, even if you live in a house made of solid rock.

How would it do for girl graduates to climb the Alps by doing the housework while mother has a vacation.

Don't marry money; you can spend the money, but you can't spend the trouble you may get with it.

Most men are unable to ride in the head carriage of the procession until they die.

There is this difference between a house and a woman: A coat of paint improves the house.

They say that every man is cracked on some subject. Look yourself over: what is your specialty?

It is everyone's secret hope that when the time comes for him to hand his baggage over to Death to be checked, he will not be afraid.

Hidden away in every breast is the instinct of a slave; the instinct to cringe before power, and bend the knee to it.

Some men are so confidential that if they were going to file a saw, they would take every man in town off to one side, and tell him about it.

There are lots of women who are kept so busy with husbands and babies and housework, that it must be a positive luxury to be sick in bed.

An old railroad man looks upon a passenger brakeman with disgust; he says a passenger brakeman is a sort of nurse to women and children passengers.—Atchison Globe.

## ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate. The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

There is in the museum of Turin, Italy, a papyrus roll which displays a whole series of comical scenes. In the first place, a lion, a crocodile and an ape are giving a vocal and instrumental concert. Next comes an ass, dressed, armed and scoutered like a pharaoh. With majestic swagger he receives the gifts presented to him by a cat of high degree, to whom a bull acts as proud conductor. A lion and gazelle are playing at checkers, a hippopotamus is perched in a high tree and a horse has climbed into the tree and is trying to dislodge him.

## CHILD LOVE.

When weary and worn with the struggle in seeking life's coveted prize. When clouds of despair hover round me and shut out the blue of the skies; At times when I feel so discouraged and burdened from bearing the load That seems to completely overwhelm me while struggling along the rough road.

'Tis then, for relief, that I turn me away from the world and entwine My arms 'round the one who still loves me—this golden-haired baby of mine.

What temptation can I not conquer? What battles can't win, if the prize Is the love and the mute adoration that beam in my little one's eyes? With her dimpled arms thrown around me, and her baby voice in my ear, There's sunshine forever about me, and all of my doubts disappear.

The beams of hope that inspire me are the love-lights that trustfully shine In the brown eyes of one who adores me—this golden-haired baby of mine.

The blossoms of spring may all wither and the birds lose their power of song.

Yet life has a sweeter attraction than these to entice me along; Her smile, like the sunbeams of noon-day, brings gladness and warmth and good cheer.

And drives off the shadows of darkness and doubt that are hovering near—

God take away from me forever the riches of earth, but enshrine The wealth of the love of my treasure—this golden-haired baby of mine! —Buffalo News.

## When Phyllis Took Me

PHYLIS, I asked, "will you marry me?" "Seventeen," said Phyllis.

I looked at her in astonishment. "Seventeen?" I questioned. "Seventeen what?"

"Why, the score, you silly," she responded demurely. "Some one has to keep track of it."

That's the trouble with Phyllis. If her sense of humor was not so highly developed, I'm sure I would have had her ages ago. She never will take me seriously.

"Rather the score," I cried desper-



PHYLIS NEVER LOOKED SO BEAUTIFUL.

ately. "Anyhow, we'll not count the other sixteen times."

"But I would very much rather," Phyllis was staring into the fire. I didn't know just what she meant. I never was much good at guessing.

"Well," I answered, indifferently, "just as you please. Count them if you like. All I mean was that none of them mattered so much as this time."

"Positively your last chance, ladies and gentlemen," she cried gaily. I assented in my most dignified manner. Phyllis laughed. I do wish she would take me seriously once in a while.

"Why do you keep on proposing to me like this?" she asked me.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Some men there are love not a gaping pig; others are troubled if they behold a cat," I quoted. "Are you answered?"

"That is no answer, thou unfeeling man."

"If you must have it," I replied, flippantly. "I suppose it's my form of diversion. My hobby if you will. We all have our hobbies, more or less, you know."

Phyllis frowned. I liked that frown immensely. Then she looked at me quickly when I was not expecting it.

"You appear to be enjoying yourself," she complained.

"Me?" I queried in mock innocence. "Oh, I protest; really, I'm not."

Phyllis frowned again.

"Well, then, you ought to be."

"I know it," I agreed. "I ought to be. Seventeen times ought to be productive of more than it has shown so far. I wonder," I concluded dreamily to myself, "I wonder if eighteen will do it?"

"You haven't been answered for seventeen yet," said Phyllis.

"No," said I, "nor for any of the other sixteen either."

"Now, there was Darcy Graham," said Phyllis, inconsequently. "He asked me to marry him nineteen times and swore eternal devotion each time whether I would have him or no. There's a man for you!"

"And then went and married Kitty McPherson," said I, almost to myself.

"No," corrected Phyllis; "Kitty married him."

"Willie Atkinson came next," I ventured.

"He only ran up to thirteen," said Phyllis.

"Which accounts for his failure," I suggested.

Phyllis paid no attention to my remark.

"I think the little fellow from the bank whom I met in the summer came after that?" she murmured interrogatively.

"Surely you don't count him?" I questioned in surprise. "Why, you told me yourself that he only lasted till the second round."

"He would probably have stayed longer if you hadn't come down that Sunday," said Phyllis, in a vexed way. "You always do turn up at the most inopportune moment."

"Had I only known you didn't want me," I began.

"I can't remember who was next," interrupted Phyllis, quickly; "do you know?"

"I think," said I, reflectively, "I added about two to my own score that way. I always liked you in white, you know."

"Three," corrected Phyllis, consulting her tablets.

"Hold your head that way again," I said. "What long eyelashes you have!" Phyllis deliberately turned the other way. "Hold it round," I commanded. "I want to look at it."

Phyllis held it round. Phyllis likes to be commanded at times. "A rather pretty mouth, too," said I gravely; "and your color is also very fair yet. One would never guess you were getting up in years."

"I'm not," denied Phyllis, with a certain assumption of dignity; "I'm only twenty-three."

"You don't show it," I responded gallantly. "Were I asked to make a guess, I should say 'sweet sixteen' and—"

"Quite so," said Phyllis, dryly.

"How awful it must be to be laid on the shelf," I remarked sympathetically.

"I'm not," asserted Phyllis, indignantly.

"The very idea," I murmured in a surprised way. "I never even insinuated such a thing. But you know," I concluded dismally, "you haven't had a proposal in three weeks."

"I have," insisted Phyllis, "I had one just to-night."

"Oh, but that doesn't count," said I. "You told me so yourself. These are only sort of trial heats, to keep you in form, you know."

"Oh," sniffed Phyllis. "Besides," I added, "I need material for my stories."

"What a risk you are willing to run for the sake of material!" said Phyllis.

"Yes," I replied suavely, "but it is necessary that one make some sacrifices for the sake of art."

"Suppose, though, I were to accept you some time?" queried Phyllis in an awful tone.

"I would have a new climax for the next one," said I, indifferently.

I had expected Phyllis to be affected; instead, she burst out laughing. That's the trouble with Phyllis; she never will take me seriously.

"You're a goose," she complimented me.

"Aw, thanks," I murmured. "So good of you!"

Phyllis regarded me gravely. Now, it's on odd thing, but whenever Phyllis looks at a fellow just like that he feels sort of funny all over, you know. I don't know what it is. I think it must be what they call personal magnetism.

"Jack," she said, "do you know you have some gray hairs?"

"It's not polite of you to remind me of it," said I.

"And your complexion isn't as good as it used to be," she continued. "Besides, there are a lot of little things—particularly about your clothes."

"Nothing serious, I trust?" I asked, in alarm.

"No," said Phyllis, "nothing serious. But a lot of little things. I think you need some one to take care of you."

"Parks is an unexceptionable valet," said I in his defense.

"But he draws his salary every month," put in Phyllis.

"And why shouldn't he?" I interrogated.

"Now, a wife—" began Phyllis, musingly.

"Would draw hers at the end of the month and every other day as well," I concluded.

"Yes," said Phyllis, taking no notice. "I think you need a wife. Now, why don't you propose to some nice girl, Jack?"

"I have," said I, stoutly.

"Huh!" snorted Phyllis, in disbelief. "How many proposals have you ever made?"

"Seventeen," said I.

I think Phyllis was pleased. Anyhow, she smiled a little.

"There was the Rawshaw girl," said she, warningly.

"Nice girl," I assented warningly. "Nothing particularly queenlike about a girl's carriage when she's only five foot three."

"And Bessie Fleming?"

Phyllis was getting back at me.

"A sweet creature," I agreed, "but I really prefer blondes."

"And then there's a whole host of others that you might have if you wanted them. You're a catch, you know."

"I know," said I, wearily. "I suppose that accounts for my popularity."

"Oh, no," said Phyllis, sweetly; "you're rather nice as well."

"Thanks," I replied, "but with a score of seventeen, it doesn't seem to have benefited me greatly. Will it do me any good to make it eighteen?"

Phyllis toyed with the corner of the sofa cushion.

"You might do a great deal better," said she, deprecatingly.

"Then I don't have to make it eighteen?" cried I, for once in my life comprehending.

"I did not say just that, sir," said Phyllis, saucily.

I don't think I ever saw Phyllis look so beautiful, and the odd part of it was, I couldn't see her eyes, either. She was staring full into the fire all the time. If it makes her look that way, I wish she would look into the fire always.

"But I do make it eighteen, Phyllis," said I, soberly.

I took hold of her arm and turned her round so that she was facing me, but she still held her head down and I could see only her eyelashes. Phyllis has long eyelashes.

"And you'll marry me, Phyllis?" I whispered. I don't know whether I raised my tone interrogatively or not. I hadn't the same control over my voice that I had the other seventeen times.

Phyllis looked at me with a funny little smile. She never will take me seriously.

"I suppose this will make a new climax," she said.

But her looks belied her words, and for once I was brought enough to see.

"No," I replied, as distinctly as my throat would let me, "this is not a climax. This is a beginning."—Toronto Saturday Night.

## PROPHET MUST KEEP RECORD.

This Is Why a Weather Prognosticator Was Doubtful.

"I flatter myself that I keep track of the weather about as well as the bureau man himself," said a resident of Jefferson avenue the other day to a Detroit Free Press man, "and I feel humiliated at what happened on the car yesterday morning. Three or four of us were talking about the weather for the past winter, and I mentioned that we had nine very bad days in December. An old chap across the aisle who had been listening to our talk dives down to his pocket and pulls up a memorandum book and softly says:

"My dear sir, I think you are mistaken. We only had three cold days in December. I have the record here. It was Dec. 22, 23 and 24."

"I ignored him," said the oracle, "and remarked to my friends that Jan. 8 and Feb. 19 were the two coldest days of the winter."

"I beg your pardon, sir," put in the man with the book as he held it up against his nose to see. Jan. 8 was so mild that I went without an overcoat, and on Feb. 19 the thermometer marked 41 degrees above."

"I tried to save my reputation by announcing that we had had twenty-eight days of sleighing in Detroit during December, January and February, but that book went up to the old fellow's nose again and he replied:

"No doubt you mean well, but you are mistaken again. We have only had twenty-four days, and three of those were very poor."

"You may have heard the birds singing along about Jan. 17," said I, thinking to get even with him.

"No, sir," he blandly replied. "From the 17th to the 22d it was fairly cold, but on the 23d the buds began to start on my rosebush."

"The old chap lied—deliberately and maliciously lied—and I know he did," said the weatherwise man with bitterness, "but what could I do? He had the record in his little book, while I had nothing, and before that car got down to Woodward avenue my reputation as an oracle was knocked into a cocked hat and my fellow passengers were regarding me with pity and contempt."

A Story of Dewey.

J. Martin Miller, the Washington newspaper correspondent whose recent interview with Admiral Dewey has created a buzz of excitement not only in this country but in Germany and Europe, knew Admiral Dewey well at Manila. Mr. Miller has been a globe trotter in his day, and has covered every part of the globe. He was at Manila during the warm times there when Admiral Dewey was the hero and master of the bay. Speaking of Admiral Dewey at that time, he said:

"A few days after Admiral Dewey was promoted from commodore to rear admiral a big French man-of-war came steaming very near the Olympia. Admiral Dewey's flagship. The Frenchman gave the commodore's salutation. But the Olympia's guns kept perfectly still, while the new rear admiral was quietly reading under the awning. The French commander was puzzled. He did not know what to think. He waited for quite a while, and after consultation with his staff decided to send a boat over to the Olympia to ascertain why the salutation was not returned. Admiral Dewey simply said to his deck officers: "Send back word to the French commander that he has evidently not looked at my pennant. I know of no reason why I shouldn't return a salutation that is intended for me."

A Candid Opinion.

"What do you think the greatest need of the modern drama is?" And after serious thought Mr. Stormington Barnes replied: "Lower railway fares and better hotels."—Washington Star.

The Shining Morning Face.

For breakfast food of sweetest taste. And nourishing meanwhiles, I'd choose a table covered and graced By wholesome family smiles.

## How Blisters Are Raised.

A blister is the vesicle, or bladder, which is formed by an effusion of serum—the watery portion of the blood—underneath the scarf, or outer skin. Any such powerful irritant as boiling water may produce blisters, and we may regard their formation as an effort of nature to protect the true and acutely sensitive inner skin from attack.

The fact speaks for itself, but the reason for this injurious action of scalding water has a much deeper seat. Our blood vessels are supplied with nerves, and the stimulation of these causes in some cases dilatation and in others contraction. Any excessive stimulus will cause paralysis of the muscular coat of the vessels and consequent stagnation of the blood in these parts, and then their nutrition is impaired.

It is owing to the condition thus induced by scalding water that the serum oozes through the vessel wall and makes its way into the surrounding tissue. This raises the upper and insensible skin into a blister, which probably takes its name from the Anglo-Saxon blæstan, to blast or puff.

They Moved.

A Boston trolley car was taking on a load of women, and the conductor frantically urged his gentle passengers to "move up," but, as usual, his behests were not obeyed. "Now, move up, ladies; please do move up!" he cried. No one stirred an inch. "I say, ladies, move up! The motorman is a great deal better looking man than I am!" The ladies swept forward en masse.

Why It Rasped.

"Your voice," said the commanding officer, "is decidedly rasping!" "Yes, sir," replied the subordinate, saluting. "I have been out roughing it with a file of soldiers all the morning."

Bird Superstitions.

In many parts of England there are curious superstitions about birds. The stonechat, for instance, is believed to be continually chatting with the evil one, so it is held in bad repute, and as the raven commonly impersonates his sable majesty it is ranked in the same category of evil birds. Sometimes, however, the raven's appearance, so it is held, forebodes a death.

## Lost Pins.

It would really seem reflecting upon the daily disappearance of pins that the earth would be covered with them, and that the annual fall if measured would amount to several inches. Women who start out with pins playing a useful part in the details of a gown will tell you that they never can find a pin; that they are always buying pins; that they are eternally losing them. In the dressmaker's rooms the expenditure for pins is no small item. The average dressmaker uses and loses twelve papers of pins a month. Yet the floors of her rooms are not matted with them, and frequently her wall goes up. "What has become of all the pins?" Where indeed do they go? Is there a crust of pins subtly forming under the everyday sweep that will puzzle explorers in some far age to come?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Pleased Him.

"I think we might give Bridget a dollar more a week," said the family man.

"What?" exclaimed his wife. "I set her to work cleaning the parlor today, and you should see the way she left it."

I did. That's what influenced me. I noticed she fixed the piano with the keyboard close up against the wall."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## South San Francisco Laundry

C. GRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at **BADEN CASH STORE,** South San Francisco, Cal.

## UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

**COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.**

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Ladies and Children Free.

**E. E. CUNNINGHAM,**

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—AND—

## INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

**South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.**

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**HAMBURG-BREMEN,**

**PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,**

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**FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.**

**House Broker,**

**Notary Public.**

**OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,**

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,

**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL**

## TOWN NEWS

Get a home.  
Don't be a rolling stone.  
Look out for the rainy day.  
Spend your money where you earn it.

Stick to and stick up for your home town.  
The electric road enterprise is taking a nap.  
Frank Bastien is repainting the Armour Hotel.

A. Patterson of San Francisco was in town Saturday.  
E. E. Cunningham, Notary Public. Conveyancing done.

Jack O'Connor of the company cottages is on the sick list.

Kitty Ferriter spent a few days at the Grand Hotel last week.

Max Schutt left last week for a trip through the Yosemite valley.

Miss L. Vestey of San Francisco is visiting friends at this place.

Mrs. B. Miller is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. J. Dyer of this place.

Mrs. Cunningham celebrated her fifty-second birthday on Thursday.

Andy Hynding was back on a visit to the packing-house last Saturday.

Mr. F. O. Clawson of Mountain View spent Saturday and Sunday here.

Born—At Twelve Mile Dairy, June 13th, to the wife of Manuel Silva, a boy.

Frank Healy came over from East Berkeley Monday on a visit to old friends here.

M. Foley raffled off some three dozen ducks at the Union Hotel Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Crawford left for Morgan Hill last Saturday, where she will spend the summer.

Jesse O. Snyder is getting ready to build a very handsome residence in the west end of town.

The Western Meat Company's addition to the packing-house is approaching completion.

Mrs. Fred Disirello has been spending a few days here, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Raab.

Mr. H. McMahon has moved from the Hansbrough Block to the Daniels cottage on Miller avenue.

Mr. Day of the San Mateo Times was in town and made this office a pleasant call on Wednesday.

Charles Willin returned from the springs the fore part of the week greatly improved in health.

J. P. Newman has quit the butcher business and is back in his old place on the platform at the packing-house.

Mrs. Anna Bildhauer, who has been confined to her bed the past few days is, we are pleased to say improving.

Albert Schneidewind has moved from the Werner cottage into one of the Plymire cottages on Grand avenue.

The opening at the Verandah Hotel last Saturday was a great success. There was a big crowd and a good time.

Supervisor Eikerenkotter was confined to his room with la grippe the fore part of this week, but is able to be about again.

Secretary Geo. H. Chapman of the Land and Improvement Co. spent Tuesday in town attending to business at the paint works.

Geo. Drissea is once more up and about, though it will be some time before he will be able to resume his duties at the paint works.

The Sunday mail train went into effect again last Sunday morning and hereafter mail will be dispatched direct south at 6:45 a. m. on Sundays.

The entertainment to be given by the Sunday School children for the benefit of the Catholic church has been postponed to Saturday, June 27th.

A mistake was made in the funeral notice of Rudolph Gollnik last week. The interment was in Mt. Olivet cemetery instead of the Italian cemetery as printed.

Mr. Perham's little son fell off the oil tank at the pump-house one day this week and cut his lip open. Dr. Plymire put in three stitches and the boy is all right.

The insurance held by the late Isaac Abrams in the Woodmen of the World was paid to Mrs. Abrams some two weeks ago. The promptitude in paying is a credit to the order.

San Mateo visitors to San Bruno the past few weeks have noticed the improvements that are under way at the San Bruno House, of which Dan McSweeney is proprietor. By the time the work now under way is completed he will have the finest place between San Francisco and San Jose.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

There was a stabbing affray at the Western Meat Company's packing-house on Tuesday, in which Bert DuBois was wounded in the back in two places by Joseph Hoppe. The wounds were inflicted with an ordinary butcher knife, but are not believed to be dangerous. A charge of assault with a deadly weapon with intent to commit murder has been placed against young Hoppe.

At the meeting of the Board of Supervisors held last Monday Health Officer H. S. Plymire was authorized to appoint temporarily three deputies with compensation at the rate of \$75 per month each, whose duty it shall be to issue burial permits until such time as the Board shall make provision for permanent deputies for the health officer. The following named citizens have been appointed as such deputies, viz: W. S. Taylor and H. Karbe of this place and Daniel Neville of Colma.

W. J. McEwen,

Vitaopathist.

Do you suffer from any ailments? TRY VITAOPATHY.

It has helped others it will help you!

Hours: 7 to 9 p. m. Sundays by appointment.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building.

PROPERTY OWNERS' MEETING.

A meeting has been called by leading property owners of this town for Wednesday, June 24th, at 8 p. m., at Armour Pavilion, to consider matters of vital interest to the business men and property owners of the town. A general attendance is desired and requested.

SIX MONTHS FOR BURGLARY.

Henry A. Clark, charged with burglary, pleaded guilty and on Thursday Judge Buck sentenced him to serve six months at San Quentin. He stole a box of tools at South San Francisco and was arrested.—Times-Gazette.

COLMA WOULD INCORPORATE.

The citizens of Colma have secured a large number of names to a petition which will ask permission of the Board of Supervisors to incorporate the town of Colma. The matter will be presented to the Board on July 6th. Attorney C. W. Eastin is acting for the petitioners. There will be strong opposition to the proposition.—Times-Gazette.

NO MORE PAY-CARS.

The Southern Pacific Company has decided to pay all its employees by checks in the future and pay-cars are a thing of the past.

A circular to the effect that employees of the company are to be paid by checks was published by the company. Checks will be issued from the Auditor's office in San Francisco and the payrolls are already coming in under this new system.

The pay-car has been gradually dropped by all eastern railroad companies and the Southern Pacific is abandoning it simply following the system adopted by all up-to-date roads. The Southern Pacific Company has two pay-cars continually on the road and it will save quite an expense by taking these cars off.—Times-Gazette.

ANDREW HYNDING MARRIED.

Andy Hynding played a neat trick on the boys yesterday. Without asking leave of any one of them or as much as making known his intentions, he quietly sneaked off to San Francisco and got married. There is an inclination to forgive him, however, because Andy is a popular young fellow and showed excellent judgment in the selection of a most winsome young lady for a life partner, who until she became Mrs. Hynding was Miss Bertha Roll of Santa Clara, a niece of Supervisor Roll. The wedding took place at the Palace hotel yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock and was attended by the near relatives of the couple. Mr. Hynding is the head bookkeeper at the packing-house at South San Francisco and is one of the most estimable of Redwood's young residents.—Redwood City Democrat.

COURT HOUSE BIDS

TO BE ASKED FOR

Supervisors Will Ask for Proposals on Monday Next—Collection of Burial Permits.

In the Board of Supervisors on Monday morning Chairman Coleman and Supervisor Eikerenkotter were absent. Supervisor McCracken was elected chairman pro tem.

Several lengthy reports regarding the exhibits now being maintained by the central coast counties in Los Angeles were read.

San Mateo county some months ago appropriated \$500 for the purpose of joining in the show and maintaining a display in the hope of attracting a portion at least of the tourist trade to this county. Messrs. L. P. Behrens and H. W. Schaberg were appointed by the Supervisors to handle the affair.

Mr. McEvoy asked Mr. Schaberg as to the nature of the exhibit representing this county.

He replied that it consisted of a collection of photographs of landscape scenes in various parts of the county, a piece of redwood timber, some redwood bark, several plants, a collection of pots from the Stager works, a few small redwood trees, etc. It was hoped that a display of leather would have been arranged, but the tanners have made no effort to install an exhibit.

The members of the board did not grow hilarious in their enthusiasm over the exhibit, and Supervisor McEvoy remarked that unless a truly representative exhibit of the county were maintained it were better to have none.

TILT OVER A BRIDGE.

Bids for constructing a concrete arch bridge in the Halfmoon Bay district, near Amesport landing, were opened as follows:

Clark & Henry, \$2988. Extra concrete, per cubic yard, \$12. Extra earth fill, per cubic yard, \$38.

G. F. Foley, \$2333. Extra concrete, per cubic yard, \$9.

The Surveyor's estimate of cost of the work was \$2300.

McEvoy said he was absent from the meeting at the time the plans were adopted, and he believed a bridge of the size proposed was a piece of extravagance. He asked Mr. Debenedetti if the creek was not comparatively dry, and if a thirty-foot arch was not altogether too large.

Debenedetti said the constant washing in the vicinity of the bridge by reason of the backing up of tide water from the ocean makes the size of arch adopted absolutely necessary. The County Surveyor had made an examination of the creek and peculiar

conditions prevailing there and had recommended the thirty-foot arch.

McEvoy said the proposition was entirely absurd and altogether too extravagant. The conditions do not call for any such expenditure.

Debenedetti said the objections of Mr. McEvoy were out of place and presented at a very late hour. He should have stated his views previously.

McEvoy retorted that he was not present or he would have done so. Debenedetti replied that he should have attended the meeting and that no one was to blame but himself.

The County Surveyor was called in, and admitted to McEvoy that a ten foot arch would suffice at the point in question. He planned the thirty-foot arch believing that there would be less danger of the aperture filling by the upwash of sand from the ocean beach. He contended there would be no great saving to the county by building a ten-foot culvert and the necessary lateral wing walls.

There being but three members present, Debenedetti asked that further consideration be laid over until the afternoon session.

Chairman Coleman was present at the afternoon meeting and assumed his position as presiding officer.

Debenedetti moved the contract be awarded to Foley, seconded by McCracken. The motion was carried by all voting aye except McEvoy, who voted no, and as an explanation reiterated his objections as above set forth.

COSTS ONE DOLLAR NOW FOR BURIAL FEE.

The matter of the appointment of a collector of the fees charged for the issuance of burial permits was taken up.

The District Attorney was asked as to whether the appointment should be made by the board or health officer. He replied that the employees would be considered as deputies to the health officer, and that officer would therefore wish to have a voice in the matter.

Health Officer Plymire said there were about twelve cemeteries in the northern end and the average number of burials was about twenty-five per day. He thought three deputies would be necessary, and inasmuch as he would be responsible for their acts he thought he should have the power of their selection.

McEvoy thought the tax collector the proper and only legal collector for these permits.

The District Attorney said the health boards of San Francisco and Santa Clara counties provided for the collection of fees for burial permits, etc., independent of the tax and license collector.

Dr. Plymire thought the collectors should receive about \$75 per month each.

The Board was not disposed to take any permanent action at this meeting, and the Health officer was authorized to appoint three collectors at \$75 per month each, to serve until the Board takes further action.

McEvoy nominated Prof. F. S. Rositter as a member of the County Board of Education from the Third Township, to succeed himself, his term having expired.

Debenedetti nominated W. J. Savage as a member from the Fourth District, also to succeed himself.

Both gentlemen were elected.

The District Attorney reported to the board with reference to the application of the Golden State Athletic Club for the passage of an ordinance licensing boxing exhibitions at Colma, that the Supervisors had the legal right to pass such a law. As to the question of whether a permit be granted, he said, that could be determined when an application is presented to the board.

McEvoy thought an ordinance, under those circumstances, would be premature. That it would be time enough to pass the ordinance when an application for a permit shall have been presented.

The matter was laid over until the next meeting.

T. J. Wilson and wife presented a deed to the county of a strip of land near Laurel Creek, which has been utilized in widening the road at that point. The deed was accepted and ordered recorded.

Mr. Dodge, of Dodge & Dolliver, presented the completed plans for the proposed new courthouse at Redwood City, and the board will meet at 10 o'clock next Monday to issue a call for bids for its construction. It is thought the tender cannot be considered for at least sixty days.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.

It Will Be Enforced.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has directed the local collector to give notice of and rigidly enforce its rules for the payment of the water rates in this town. The June water rate must be paid on or before the last day of June. If not paid the water will in every instance be shut off on the 1st day of July and it will cost one dollar extra in every instance to have the water again turned on. This rule will apply to every month in the year; that is to say, the water rate MUST be paid within or before the end of the current month. No exceptions will be made and this rule will be rigidly enforced.

FOR SALE.

The Linden Hotel with all its furniture, bar room and business is for sale. Price and terms will be named upon application to the owner at the hotel.

FOR SALE.

Store and stock of fruit, confectionery, notions, cigars and tobacco. Cheap for cash. JOHN VUEJCH.

Geese usually lay early. The egg should be gathered as soon as laid to prevent chilling.

Market the old fowls and keep the young ones on the farm and in the poultry yard.

EVERY one of our readers is entitled to compete for the ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS in cash prizes offered by Farm and Home for correct sets of answers to the following questions.

Cut out this coupon from The Enterprise, South San Francisco, California, fill in all the blanks, and mail or hand it to The Enterprise, South San Francisco, Cal.

1. Should congress give money for good roads? Answer yes or no.

2. Should a parcels post be established to carry merchandise at very much less than present rates? Answer yes or no.

3. Should government provide a postal fractional currency for use in the mails? Answer yes or no.

4. Should the tariff be revised? Answer yes or no.

5. Should trusts be regulated or suppressed? Answer with the word "regulated" or the word "suppressed".

6. Who should be the republican candidate for president in 1904?

7. Who should be the democratic candidate for president in 1904?

8. Name any other political party that should make a nomination for the presidency, and the man it should put up.

Sent by.....

Postoffice.....

State.....Occupation.....

Date and hour of mailing or handing in this coupon.....

(The time given must conform to postmark or to time stamped hereon at this office when handed in.)

RULES

Anyone of voting age, or who will be such next year is entitled to one vote. There are no fees, no conditions of any kind. Simply answer all or any of the questions as you please, sign your name, address and occupation.

The correct set of answers will be that in which each of the replies is the one that receives a majority of all the votes cast. First prize, \$250.00 will be awarded to the set of answers earliest mailed or handed in that proves to be correct, judged by this standard. Second prize, \$100.00 for next nearest or next earliest correct set of answers, and so on.

All replies must be sent in by August 1 at latest. The prize award will appear in Farm and Home as soon thereafter as possible. It offers the following

CASH PRIZES

Grand Prize.....\$250.00

Second Prize.....100.00

Third Prize.....50.00

Four of \$25 each.....200.00

Twenty of \$10 each.....200.00

Twenty of \$5 each.....100.00

Fifty of \$2 each.....100.00

197 Prizes in all.....\$1,000.00

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are plentiful and selling at easier prices. Sheep—Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand, but at steady prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are per lb. (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

Cattle—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 8@8½c; 2d quality, 7½c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6@6½c; Thin Cows, 4@6c.

Hogs—Hard, grain fed, 140 to 250 lbs., 6@6½c; over 250 to 300 lbs., 5½@6c; rough, heavy hogs, 4½@5c; hogs weighing under 140 lbs., 5½@6c.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4½@4½c; L.w.s., 3½@4c. Spring Lambs, 4½@5c.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs. alive, gross weight, 5@5½c; over 250 lbs., 4½@4½c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 7½c; second quality, 7c; first quality cows and heifers, 6½@7c; second quality, 6@6½c; third quality, 5½@6c.

VEAL—Large, 7½@8c; medium, 8½@9c; small, good, 9½@10c; common, 6@7c.

MUTTON—Wethers, heavy, 8½@9c; light, 9@9½c; Heavy Ewes, 8@8½c; Light Ewes, 8½@9c; Suckling Lambs No. 1, 9@10c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 9@9½c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 13¼@15c; picnic hams, 9½@10c; Atlanta ham, 11c.

BACON—Ex. L. S. C. bacon, 18c; light S. C. bacon, 17c; med. bacon, clear, 12c; L. med. bacon, clear, 12½c; clear, light bacon, 11½c; clear ex. light bacon, 15c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl., \$13.50; do, hf-bbl., \$7.00; Family Beef, bbl., \$13.50; do, hf-bbl., \$7.00; Extra Mess, bbl., \$13.50; do, hf-bbl., \$7.00.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 12c; do, light, 12c; do, Bellies, 12½c; Extra Clear, 12½c; Family Beef, bbl., \$11.25; Soused Pigs Feet, hf-bbls., \$5.00; do, kits, \$1.00.

LARD—Prices are per lb.

Tes. ¼-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 8 8¼ 8½ 8¾ 8½ 8¾ Cal. pure 11 11¼ 11½ 11¾ 11¾ 11¾ In 3 lb tins the price on each is ¼c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$1.35; 1s, \$1.35; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.35; 1s, \$1.35.

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Staple and Fancy Groceries

Hardware, Paints and Oils

Crockery, Glassware, Agate-

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Gents' Furnishing Goods

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Hay, Grain, Wood and Coal

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First-Class Family Resort

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Only the Choicest of Wines, Liquors and Cigars Served.

Table First Class.

Family Parties and Picnics a Specialty.

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Beer & Ice

—WHOLESALE—

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg,

United States, Chicago,

Willows and

South San Francisco

BREWRIES

—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

## TWO BIRDS.

Two birds flew out of the South one day,  
And over the joyous world  
Each flung a melody loud and sweet  
And gladly its tired wings furlled.

And one bird high on the tallest tree  
A place for its nesting found,  
While humbly the other built its home  
Low down on the common ground.

A Shrike flew by and it saw the nest  
That swayed in the branches high,  
But the low built nest of the humble  
bird

He saw not and passed it by.

Which points the moral I wish to show;  
Though fortune has cast your lot  
Low down in the world with the humble  
ones.

The ills that strike at the mansion oft  
pass over the humble cot.  
—San Francisco Bulletin.

## AN IMPORTANT DISPATCH

THE Embassy Ball at Carlshren was a very brilliant affair. Cecil Ackerson, who hated balls and that sort of foolery, and only attended them because he was obliged to do so by the office which he held, had come to-night for a purpose. Cecil Ackerson was a strong man.

It was not till late in the festivities that he was able to approach Helena Gorrings, acknowledged beauty of the English colony at Carlshren. She was engaged to young Vincent Kenyon Carstairs, who had been only six months appointed to a post at the embassy. Ackerson was aware of the engagement, but the knowledge did not trouble him.

"If you don't mind, Miss Gorrings, I would rather not dance," said he.

Through the curtains that shaded their retreat five minutes afterward she could catch a glimpse of the lighted ballroom. Then Cecil Ackerson was telling her that he loved her. His words came quickly, but his voice was very firm, and she was unable to stop him. He said that he had never been a woman's man, and he had never met a woman like her. His vehemence frightened her, but she rose and turned on him with blazing eyes, telling him of her engagement to Carstairs.

Cecil Ackerson laughed and took her back to the ballroom. On the morning after his astonishing behavior to Miss Gorrings Ackerson walked savagely to and fro in his private room at the embassy. He thought of innumerable schemes, but at length only came to the conclusion that Kenyon Carstairs was in his way.

The next day or so Cecil Ackerson had to leave such thoughts alone, for relations were a little strained with the home country. The country of which Carlshren was the capital was small, but important. The question of war even hinged on the proper conduct of these negotiations. And then the idea came to him by which he might put his young rival right out of the running. He sent for Carstairs. The latter came at once, wondering for what purpose his chief wanted him.

"I have an important dispatch here for home, and I have selected you to carry it. You will take the dispatch with you when you leave this evening. You will start to-morrow morning, and you should reach the coast by night. I find there is no light boat from Halzund, so you will have to stay there the night. I need hardly counsel you to take great care of the dispatch, Carstairs."

"Yes,"

"Very well. Come to me this evening for the dispatch."

Vincent Carstairs went to tell Miss Gorrings he was going away for a day or so. He was full of his news.

"You look happy," said she.

"I am," Carstairs replied. "The chief had me up this morning and gave me instructions. I've got to carry," he paused for effect, "an important dispatch. Why, what's the matter? You seemed surprised."

"Oh, nothing," said Miss Gorrings. "Did you say that Mr. Ackerson gave you the dispatch?"

"Of course; who else would?"

"I wonder what a dispatch is like?" asked Miss Gorrings, innocently.

"Just an ordinary paper folded," said Carstairs. "Would you like to look at it?" He had been longing to show it all the time. He took the shallow tin case from his pocket and unlocked it, and handed the case to her.

She took it to the window to see it better, and for a minute her back was toward him.

"Let me look it," she said, and there was a little click. As she gave the case back she shuddered a little.

But when, later on, Carstairs waited downstairs to say good-by, she came suddenly into the dim hall.

"Wait a minute—here's something for you," and she put a tiny envelope into his hand. "It's a note from me, but you're not to read it till you're on the boat."

"What's all this mystery?" said Carstairs, laughing.

"Never mind. Don't open it till you are on the boat. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Carstairs, and was gone.

At the Grand Hotel, Halzund, Carstairs ordered dinner in a private room. Half an hour later the land-lord came to him with a long face. His house was crowded, he had no room whatever, and a gentleman had just arrived after traveling all day; would Mr. Carstairs be so good as to let the stranger dine with him? He was extremely sorry to inconvenience Mr. Carstairs.

"Not at all!" said Carstairs, and he

## UNCLE SAM'S QUERY.



"What's all this fuss about? Seems to me you've given a pretty good account of yourself whenever called on."

sat down to dinner with a black-bearded man who had small, keen eyes. Carstairs congratulated himself on having such a brilliant companion. The stranger seemed able to talk on any subject whatever.

After the meal they rang for coffee, and Carstairs got up from his chair and went to his overcoat pocket for his cigarette case. As quick as lightning the stranger leaned over the table and a little dark powder slid into the glass.

An hour had passed before Carstairs came to himself. He experienced a sickening sensation of weariness as he opened his eyes. Where was he? The litter of the dinner things still lay upon the table; two of the red-shaded candles had fluttered out. There were unpleasant shadows now in the corners of the room, and knowledge crept steadily back to him. The queer tasting coffee he remembered, and there had been a stranger. Could it be possible? He sprang to his feet, with a white face, frantically unbuttoning his coat. Great heavens! the dispatch was gone.

His thoughts went back to Nell Gorrings, and then suddenly he remembered the strange manner of her good-by to him. He felt for the note in his pocket, and his face changed from night to morning as he read:

"Dear Old Ken—I had a curious idea when you told me of your mission that you were rather too confident, and that something might happen to your dispatch. So I took a great liberty, Ken. When you put the tin case into my hands I took the paper; there was nothing inside it. And I have sewn the dispatch inside the lining of your overcoat pocket."

Carstairs darted to his overcoat, and his fingers tore at the lining of the pocket. Through the gap he made showed something white. The next minute he was waving the dispatch above his head in his excitement.

So the dispatch was carried safely to its destination, and Kenyon Carstairs and Nell Gorrings were married in the spring.

The black-bearded man was well on his way to Carlshren before Carstairs woke to consciousness.

Cecil Ackerson sat quietly in his chair, waiting the arrival of his messenger. He turned slightly as the door opened.

The man with the black beard and the keen eyes placed something carefully on the table. He was smiling in a satisfied kind of way.

Ackerson took it from the table, and a key clicked in the lock of the case. The next minute he sprang to his feet.

"You have brought me an empty case, you fool!" he cried, and flung it rattling, open and empty, to the floor.

—New York News.

## JAPANESE WORK BACKWARD.

Curious Habits of the Laborers in the Flowery Kingdom.

According to the ideas of the new world the Japanese do nearly everything back-handed, or just the reverse from what we work. The contrasts between our civilization and that of Japan may be illustrated by giving a list of some of their everyday customs and ideas. For example, says the Detroit Tribune, a person who is very fat is admired in Japan. Weddings are celebrated at night; the husband and wife do not eat together, as a rule; kissing and shaking hands are practically unknown. A anese carpenter pulls the plane toward ward, is their mode of filiation. Japanese carpenters pull the plant toward them; the threads of their screws turn to the left; their keys turn inward. Small children are strapped on the backs of larger ones, and so carried about; the Japanese sit down before distinguished men, in token of

respect; they remove their shoes when they enter a house; their books begin at the right and their footnotes are placed at the top of the page; they write vertically down a sheet of paper; their color for mourning is white; the best rooms in their house are in the rear; they back a horse in a stall and hitch him in the front—and so these opposite ways of doing things might be continued. Another detail of difference lies in the fact that Japanese artists shade downward, while we shade upward.

## HE HOLDS THE RECORD AS SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT

E. B. Neeley has been public school superintendent of St. Joseph, Mo., for thirty-nine years and is still alive. Any man who is able to stand the criticism and backbiting of school teachers and the veiled hostility of conflicting interests in connection with the public schools for thirty-nine years and retain his popularity must have the patience of Job, the diplomacy of Talleyrand and the ability of a Gladstone.

Mr. Neeley took hold of the public schools shortly after the war, and his first pupils were lodged in buildings that had been used as stables by both Union and Confederate soldiers. Now St. Joseph has thirty-three modern schoolhouses, with 280 teachers.

In spite of what he has gone through, Mr. Neeley is hale and hearty and seems gifted with perennial youth. He holds the United States record for long service in the position with which the citizens of St. Joseph have honored him.

## The Earth-Born Moon.

Looking back through the mists of time we see the moon ever drawing nearer and nearer to the earth. Our satellite now revolves at a distance of 240,000 miles, but there was a time when that distance was no more than 200,000 miles. There was a time, millions of years ago, no doubt, when the moon was but 100,000 miles away; and as we look further and further back we see the moon ever drawing closer and closer to the earth, until at last we discern the critical period in earth-moon history when our globe was spinning round in a period of about five or six hours. The moon, instead of revolving where we now find it, was then actually close to the earth; earlier still it was, in fact, touching our globe, and the moon and the earth were revolving each around the other, like a football and a tennis ball actually fastened together.

It is impossible to resist taking one step further. We know that the earth was, at that early period, a soft molten mass of matter, spinning round rapidly. The speed seems to have been so great that a rupture took place a portion of the molten matter broke away from the parent globe, and the fragments coalesced into a small globe. That the moon was thus born of our earth uncounted millions of years ago is the lesson which mathematics declares it learns from the murmur of the tides.—Sir Robert Ball in Book-lovers' Magazine.

Land in Russia.

Of the land in Russia, as shown by the government report, the nobility own 181,000,000 acres and the merchants 36,000,000, while the peasants own but 35,000,000.

"Are we dancing or wrestling?" said a girl lately when dancing with a youth who was learning how.

## REAL FEMININE INSTINCT.

Jennie Was Bound to Succeed in Newspaper Work.

She had a gawky girl with her when she appeared in the editorial rooms of a woman's magazine.

"My daughter Jennie," she announced by way of introduction.

"A fine looking girl," commented the editor.

"Yes, and I want to tell you about her," said the woman. "She knows more about how to do things than any other girl living."

"She does?"

"Well, she thinks she does. She can sit in the parlor and give me advice better than any one I ever knew."

"Capable, is she?"

"With her tongue, she is. I don't seem to ever do anything just right myself, so she tells me. She advises me about cooking."

"Yes."

"And I've been cooking since before she was born, while she never has made anything but fudges. She tells me how to make pretty things out of barrel heads and old boxes, too."

"Most important."

"But I don't see that she's able to make any of the things herself. And, say! you ought to hear the advice she gives me on how to be beautiful. Why, the rules she lays down wouldn't leave a woman time for even sleep."

"It's a woman's duty to make herself attractive."

"But I don't notice that she's worked herself over into any Venus. And then there's etiquette—"

"But why do you come to us? Is she inclined to shirk her own duties? Do you wish us to advise her—"

"Advise nothing!" retorted the woman. "She's so loaded up with advice that I thought you might like to give her a job. Seems to me that every woman who gets hold of a pen or a typewriter gets the idea that she's a regular mine of wisdom and is specially ordained to tell other women how to do things. I figure that in another ten years half the women in the country will be telling the other half what to do and how to do it, and in twenty years there won't be anybody left to do anything except give advice. That being the case, I suppose Jennie might as well start in now. All you've got to do is to give her a pen and a bottle of ink and a page on which to spread herself and she'll be in the front rank mighty soon. She's got the real feminine idea."—Brooklyn Eagle.

## ALTON RAILROAD HAS THE MOST POWERFUL ENGINE.

The largest and most powerful passenger locomotive in existence has just been built for the Chicago and Alton Railroad. Another engine just like it has been ordered, and the two will be used in the St. Louis excursion traffic next year.

The driving wheels are six feet and six inches high. There are twelve wheels in all, on the engine. The duty of these engines will be to haul trains

made up of twelve passenger cars and weighing about 600 tons, exclusive of passengers and baggage. Such a train will accommodate 760 people, whose aggregate weight would not be less than fifty-seven tons, and estimating their baggage at fifteen tons, the total weight of the train behind the engine will be 675 tons.

Such a train will have to be hauled 110 1/2 miles in two and one-half hours, making two stops and three slowdowns for railway crossings. This will reduce the actual running time to two hours and twenty-four minutes, and necessitate an average running speed of forty-six miles per hour.

Bad Designs.

The citizen spoke mysteriously as he pointed to the man skulking in the shadows, and the policeman saw the road to promotion loom up before him. "That man has bad designs on that building," the citizen said.

"Bad designs on the building? He's got a firebug!"

"No; the incompetent architect that designed the house!"—Baltimore Herald.

The Other Way Around.

"Do you think that cigarette smoking causes a deterioration of mentality?"

"I am not clear on that point," said the man who makes a specialty of profound opinions. "The impression to that effect may be due to the fact that people with brains naturally avoid them."—Washington Star.

A Well-Kept Secret.

In 1859 a Milan student is said to have discovered the secret of petrifying human flesh. In 1866 he was drowned in a shipwreck on the Mediterranean Sea, the wonderful secret perishing with him.

Put a big white apron on any woman who is good natured, and she will look motherly.

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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## THE OLD FIRE HORSE.

Pathetic Ending to His Brilliant and Glorious Career.

The story of a veteran fire horse that was disabled and found his way into the street cleaning department is told by Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine." The author says:

There was no delay about his initiation. Into his fore hoofs they branded this shameful inscription, "D. S. C., 937." On his back they flung a forty pound single harness with a dirty piece of canvas as a blanket. They hooked him to an iron dump cart, and then with a heavy lashed whip they haled him forth at 5:30 a. m. to begin the inglorious work of removing refuse from the city streets.

Perhaps you think Old Silver could not feel the disgrace, the ignominy of it all. Could you have seen the lowered head, the limp hung tail, the dulled eyes and the dispirited sag of his quarters you would have thought differently.

It is one thing to jump a hook and ladder truck up Broadway to the relief of a fire threatened block and quite another to plod humbly along the curb from ash can to ash can. How Silver did hate those cans! Each one should have been for him a signal to stop. But it was not. In consequence he was yanked to a halt every two minutes.

Sometimes he would crane his neck and look mournfully around at the unsightly log which he had come to understand was the cause of all his misery. There would come into his great eyes a look of such pitiful melancholy that one might almost fancy tears rolling out. Then he would be roused by an exasperated driver, who jerked cruelly on the lines and used his whip as if it had been a flail.

To another horse, unused to anything better, the life would not have seemed hard. But to Silver, accustomed to such little amenities as friendly pats from men, and the comradeship of his fellow workers, it was like a bad dream. Had he not lost his caste? Express and dray horses, the very ones that had once scurried into side streets at sound of his hoofs, now insolently crowded him to the curb. When he had been on the fire truck Silver had yielded the right of way to none, he had held his head high; now he dodged and waited, he wore a blind bridle, and he wished neither to see nor to be seen.

## What Ailed the Clock.

Mrs. Benson's clock, after having kept excellent time for several years, suddenly stopped. After trying for some time to make it go she removed it from its shelf and sent it to a clock repairer.

"Madam," he said after inspecting, "is this clock kept in a damp room?"

"No," she replied. "We keep it in the driest room in the house."

"Has it ever had a fall into a tub of water or anything of that sort?"

"Never."

"Well, I can't understand it. Its works are as rusty as if it had been left unused in a cellar for a year."

"I can't see how that can be," said Mrs. Benson. "We are so careful of that clock that we always keep our vials of muriatic and sulphuric acid inside of it, where we know they will never be touched."

Then the jeweler understood.—Youth's Companion.

## To Induce Humility in a Peacock.

If you wish to take the conceit out of a peacock pull out his tail feathers, and as soon as he finds the glory of his plumage gone he becomes the humblest, most subdued and ashamed looking bird that ever walked the earth. A peacock in full feather is so vain and conceited as sometimes to be really troublesome. Not satisfied with squalling at the top of his discordant voice and with parading up and down the walks with expanded plumage, he will attack cats, dogs and even children and has been known to seriously injure small boys or girls that were incautious enough to venture within his reach.

Plucking his tail feathers, however, causes all his courage to evaporate. He will sneak around the yard like a whipped spaniel, will keep out of sight as much as possible, and you will hear nothing of him until his plumage has again grown.

## A CROWDED CITY.

To Walk in Constantinople Is Like a Fierce Struggle.

To walk in Constantinople is like a fierce and active struggle. One should look at once before, behind and underneath one's feet. Some danger or disgust is always threatening. I never walked up the steep road which leads from the bridge to Pera without the feeling that I was fighting my way through a hostile city. A horn blows furiously, and a black man runs up the hill, clearing the way before the dashing and struggling horses of the tram. At the same moment a cab drives at full speed down the hill, and the horses set their feet on the pavement. In front of you a man balances slices of offal on a long pole across his shoulder. They dangle before and behind. He swings cheerfully with his burden through the crowd. A Kurd, stooping under a weight higher than himself, follows, step by step, behind you. Your feet slip in slushy mud and catch on the cobbles or in the gaps of the road.

A dog with a red wound behind his ear and a long strip of mangy skin on his back lies asleep in the middle of the pavement. You step into the road to avoid the dogs and the humans, and wheels and horses are upon you. You step back into the midst of the dogs and the humans. As you stand aside for a moment a beggar with a handless arm rounded into a stump and a woman with her face eaten away in the cavity of the hood which she draws back before you appear suddenly, filling what had seemed the only alley of escape. The sun soaks down into the narrow street. The smell of the mud rises up into your nostrils, mingled with those unknown smells which in Constantinople seem to ooze upward out of the ground and steam outward from every door and window and pour out of every alley and rise like a cloud out of the breath and sweat and foulness of the people.—Arthur Symons in Harper's Magazine.

## HINDOO SUPERSTITIONS.

Sneezing Is a Bad Omen and Keeps Men From Business.

A resident of Dharmapuri, writing on the subject of Hindoo superstitions, says that a married woman, a dancing girl, a mirror and an ass—the most neglected of the Indian domestic animals—are also among the first objects of good omen which a Hindoo should meet as soon as he wakes from his sleep. A Hindoo does not stir out of his house on any errand, not only during the Rakukalam—an hour and a half a day—but also some time before it. Some do not do any work during Gulkakalam as well—another hour and a half a day. The correspondent does not mention that in more advanced countries some people make Rakukalam and Gulkakalam last a great deal longer. Besides these there are Natchathrams (stars), of which there are twenty-six, each of which occurs every day. A particular Natchathram on a particular day is either good or bad. At times an orthodox Hindoo will not have a "good" day even in a fortnight. Even sneezing is inauspicious. Instances are not rare in which men are prevented from attending their office by sham sneezing. The sneezing of a male and a female crow together means the approaching death of the observer. His fate may be averted by writing a letter to some of his relatives at a distance saying that he is dead. The appearance of a rat snake at the right hand side of a journey is considered most lucky. A Hindoo will never feed a guest for the first time on Sundays, Tuesdays or Thursdays—these days are supposed to bring enmity between the host and the guest. A Hindoo doctor will never administer medicines to his patient, even if he is very dangerously ill, for the first time on any day other than Sunday or Thursday. It is also laid down that a Hindoo should never sleep with his head toward the south—the direction in which Yama, the god of death, is supposed to live. East and west are always preferred.—Madras Mail.

## He Didn't Understand.

Spartacus—Have you been watching the curio sale?

Smarticus—No. I didn't know there was such a vessel in the harbor.—Baltimore American.



# MANUFACTURERS

every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city. Vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation. The large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars. The road system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

The plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at

Industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Hundreds of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and Seven Miles of

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The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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